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POLITICS WITHOUT INSPIRATION

BY LORD ELTON

THE strategy of His Majesty's Government during the coming session must, I think, be directed by two overriding considerations. One is obvious : legislation during Coronation year should be as little contentious as possible. Obvious in itself, on reflection this consideration will be found to open up far-reaching speculations, speculations which pierce to the roots of contemporary politics.

The other main principle which must, I think, influence the programme of next Session is perhaps not entirely compatible with the first. The Labour Opposition is phenomenally weak ; indeed, for reasons which will appear, I believe it to be actually moribund. Lacking the stimulus of a powerful, or indeed even a normal, Opposition, and in any event very properly anxious that this year party feeling should not run high, the Government might well be tempted to take an easy spell, at all costs to remain unadventurous and uninspiring. But the danger to the Government, of course, comes not from across the Parliamentary gangway, but from the warring extremisms of the Continent. Democracy needs to be perpetually energetic, I might almost say exciting, if it is to resist the encroachments of the dictatorships. And this is particularly true at a time when we are ourselves suppressing political uniforms, and when, too, the Spanish tragedy is unmistakably introducing a new irrationality into our political discussions—so that one finds quite sensible people beginning almost unconsciously to assume that those who do not happen to agree with them are necessarily, as the case may be, either Fascists or Communists. To be as uncontentious

as possible and yet as energetic as possible—let us look a little more closely at these two chief desiderata, and consider to what extent the intentions of the Government, in so far as they have been revealed in the King's Speech, can be said to fulfil them.

To be non-contentious and yet to be exciting! At first sight this may appear a contradiction in terms. It is in fact a tautology. The fundamental factor in our domestic politics, the factor which will infallibly re-shape them profoundly during the next decade, is that in home affairs *there simply are no burning issues*. The reasons for this remarkable but salutary state of affairs is simple. Collectivism, like Individualism before it, has become all-pervasive, the common property of all political creeds. Now, from its very inception the Labour Party has combined two not necessarily harmonious elements: Collectivism and the doctrine of class antagonism. Of these two incongruous partners, Collectivism has already triumphed. It has ceased, that is, to be the peculiar property of Labour. Anyone who cherishes any lingering doubts of that proposition needs only to refresh his memory of the legislation of the National Government of 1931 to 1935, or to examine this year's King's Speech. In the former, to mention only the most obvious examples, he will find the Town Planning Act, the London Passenger Transport Board, the nationalization of petroleum, and the Marketing Boards; in the latter the nationalization of coal royalties and of trunk roads and the extension of public health services, housing, insurance, and pensions. Glad indeed would have been the last Labour Government if it could have included anything like as much Collectivism in its two years of office as does this year's King's Speech. The fact is that through no peculiar subtlety of its own, but in the normal process of the steady diffusion of a belief in moderate and empirical Collectivism, the National Government has contrived to steal the clothes of the Labour Party while it was bathing.

In 1914 there was still Ireland to cause passionate division in our domestic politics. What burning issues are left today? The Means Test? The artificial agitation which the Labour Opposition characteristically set out to whip up on this delicate problem has fallen, and will continue to fall, completely flat. For one thing, as the election of 1935, fought mainly

upon this issue, proved, the employed wage-earners are perfectly well aware that their taxes contribute largely to unemployment relief and have no more mind than the surtax payer to see the fund laxly or improvidently administered. For another, the revised scales are not in fact going to cause the hardship which might have provided fuel for an agitation. The Special Areas? Here there is a general consensus in all parties that the Government ought to "do something," but the Labour Opposition stands for no peculiar nostrum of its own. The Labour Party indeed no longer possesses any distinctive ideology of its own. And it was just this ideology, the belief that it was the repository of a vital idea, which gave it a soul in its great pioneering days. All that was creative in the old Socialism is now equally the property of its opponents. There remains only what was sterile; the alien doctrine of class warfare which has never yet taken root in this country. And so the Labour Party of today is paralysed by an insoluble dilemma. Is it to galvanise itself into fresh life by furbishing up all that is left to it of its original philosophic armoury, the rusty and double-edged weapon of class warfare? This, of course, is the policy of that sound proletarian, Sir Stafford Cripps. Or is it to be content to decline insensibly into mere trade unionism, chiefly concerned to improve working conditions and altogether destitute of a philosophy of its own; which is obviously the intention, not yet altogether openly avowed, of the trade union leaders? This is not the mere debating point of a critic. It was the very question posed by the Left wing leaders in the heart-searching which followed the party's Edinburgh conference.

The dilemma increasingly paralyses the Opposition leadership. Seldom has its embarrassment been more conspicuous than in the debate on the King's Speech. Mr. Attlee was even reduced to turning from the programme before him—which, if events had run otherwise, he might just as well have been blessing from the Government Bench—to the pathetic complaint that no legislative programme could be effective as long as the country remained committed to "the outworn system of private property." As to which it may be observed that, so far as is known, Mr. Attlee's own Party itself remains committed to this outworn system, and indeed if it were not, would have been unlikely to have returned

a dozen members to the House of Commons. Equally gravelled for matter, Mr. Arthur Greenwood chose to voice the familiar complaint that the country is " half-starved." An unconvincing thesis perhaps when one remembers that wages, relief scales, and employment have all risen since Mr. Greenwood last shared the responsibility for them, but a natural *pis aller* for Opposition spokesmen nowadays.

As little contentious as possible ! It is not difficult to frame a King's Speech which will satisfy that condition today. So wide indeed is the area over which a tacit consensus of opinion extends that one may well ask : Why not invite the Labour Opposition into the Government itself ? Officially, at least at Edinburgh, the Opposition backed the Government on armaments and Spain. Why not show the Dictators that democracy, too, can produce a united front ? What would the trade unions say to such an offer ? Do they in private really believe that their members' interests are best served by linking their fortunes to what looks more and more like a permanent Opposition ? The " Labour Alliance " which made the Labour Party in 1900 was a gamble on the expectation of long years of office to come. Does anybody see them coming now ? Will there ever be a Socialist Government again in Britain ? Or in Western Europe ? . . . Yes, what would the trade unions say to such an offer ? Sir Stafford Cripps at least would seem to have perceived the logical consequences of the present situation. Either out-and-out class-conscious opposition to the Government, he argues in a contemporary, including opposition to rearmament for (characteristically) " the very reason that it is the Government's main preoccupation ; " or else, if his colleagues really do intend to support the main feature of the Government's programme, " there is only one sensible thing to do . . . that is to get into the Government as soon as possible and exert the maximum of pressure from the inside." It is reasonably safe, however, to prophesy that as there is no effective Labour leadership, so on this knotty problem there will be no effective decision. The Opposition will neither make up its mind that it desires to support the Government " from the inside," nor yet plunge for the only logical alternative, class-conscious opposition *à outrance*. And in the meantime, in so far as its own unappeasable internal divisions

permit, it will do its best to concentrate emphasis upon foreign politics—on which also it is unappeasably divided.

It is not difficult to be uncontentious in Coronation year. Is it going to be as easy to be also both effective and stimulating? For certainly both these qualities will be needed in any British Government in 1937. There have been other reasons, it is true, for the collapse of continental democracies, besides lack of them. Elsewhere democracies had never learnt to work the Parliamentary system, or were discredited by defeat in war. But the inefficiency or drab timidity of Parliaments have been major factors in the rise of the Dictators too. All over Europe today strut autocrats who claim that, unlike Cabinets, they can *act*, and that unlike Parliaments they can kindle the imagination of youth. What of *our* Cabinet, and *our* Parliament? We can certainly claim that so far they have been efficient. We have picked ourselves out of the economic morass of 1931 more effectively than any of the authoritarian states. And there is every reason to believe that within these limits our system will continue to be effective. "Ministers will continue to foster industrial activity at home," says the King's Speech. In this they have been successful, and there is every reason to expect that within these limits they will go on being successful. And this no doubt is seventy-five per cent. of their task. I say "within these limits," however, because the continued existence of the Special Areas must be admitted to throw some doubts upon their efficiency and indeed upon their imagination, for a Dictator, one suspects, would have recognized the picturesque appeal, the stimulus to the national confidence, of a resolute drive to wipe them off the map—perhaps even if the drive had been uneconomic according to the letter of the economic text books.

The King's Speech itself throws no light whatever on what the Government intends to do for the Special Areas. It invites Parliament "to extend the period of operation" of the Special Areas Act of 1934; but that is all. This in itself does not, as some critics have assumed, necessarily imply that the Government does not intend to do anything. For all the powers which it needs probably already either normally belong to it or are included in the Act which it proposes to extend. All the same, the omission of any more rousing declaration is disquieting. Would Hitler

or Mussolini or Stalin have allowed a great annual legislative manifesto to go out to their people without a single syllable to hint that they were resolutely and relentlessly at work on the most intractable of their social problems? So far from wet-blanketing it with silence, would they not have rousingly over-stated their determination—and their confidence?

The Special Areas are relatively not a very formidable problem. Despite the increase of our working population, we have reduced our unemployment total by a million and a quarter; an increase in employment on primary production of about 100,000 persons, with its secondary consequences, would probably wipe the black patches off the map. But although the Special Areas do not represent a very formidable quantity of unemployment, the fact remains that they have by now taken on a symbolic significance. The Government's credit is considerably involved. And surely further effective action is possible. Transference of population, the occasional diversion of contracts must go on. But cannot the Government locate and equip trading estates in, or near, the Special Areas—with roads to link them to their markets? If they thus show their own confidence in the future of the black areas, and if further they improve the communications in or near them, they will further attract thither some of the light industries which now, for want of planning, are crowding into Greater London. Already a Government Trading Estate is going up near Gateshead. Can there not be more of them, and, perhaps even more important, an emphatic declaration that there are to be more? It may be that the Government has all this and more in mind. Even if this be so, it was surely a mistake to breathe no word of it in the King's Speech. The Speech, it is true, is primarily concerned with law-making, but there is no reason why it should exclude all reference to administrative energy. And a Government which has been accused of excessive deference to private interests at Jarrow is not wise to hide any light which it may possess beneath a bushel.

But beyond all this looms an incomparably more far-reaching interrogation mark. It is a commonplace that democratic politics, if they are to continue to compete effectively with the authoritarian systems, need an infusion of fresh blood. All over Europe Dictators are stirring and exciting their young

men. Whether it be the ideal of the united and resurgent nation, or merely the stimulus of comradeship, uniforms, and braggadocio, the fact remains that the really formidable achievement of the dictatorships is not that they dictate but that they inspire. Can democratic governments compete here? What we badly need is not a doctrine but an inspiration.

What of the King's Speech as an inspiration? The austere traditions of the Mother of Parliaments hardly lend themselves to competition with Nuremberg and Milan. Are there any hints that none the less Ministers are accommodating themselves to our more flamboyant age? The words "utmost energy" occur once in the Speech. And I find one reference to "vigorous action." With these sober exceptions it is all deliberately pitched in a conspicuously minor key. The "utmost energy" is for armaments; and armaments, though an urgent national, and indeed international, necessity, are hardly in themselves an inspiration. The "vigorous action" is to be in housing, and it is to be "maintained," not initiated. Slum clearance meets an older national need than armaments; it is constructive in the fullest sense; and nowadays at any rate we hear few criticisms of it from the Opposition. One can imagine a housing drive being dramatized by a Hitler or a Stalin into a real stimulus for the national pride and a real incentive to national unity. I see no evidence that it will ever be treated imaginatively by this or any other British Government. It is allowed to remain just one more immensely important reform, demanded by idealists for generations, initiated by the last National Government amid a salvo of obstructive criticism from those who had professed to desire it most, and now proceeding inconspicuously according to plan almost unnoticed by the nation. No, the Speech, almost deliberately it would seem, affords no explicit clues as to the prospects of Ministers setting our imaginations on fire. Is there anything to be read between the lines?

They are impressed, it would seem, "with the need for more comprehensive efforts to improve the physical condition of the nation, especially among the younger members of the community." (Imagine Mussolini referring to "the younger members of the community"!) This demand for a higher standard of national physique has a short but interesting history. Scores,

if not hundreds, of British politicians visited Germany last summer for the Olympic games. Most of them seem to have contrived to have long interviews with Hitler. All of them came back tremendously impressed with what Germany is doing for physical regeneration, and haunted by memories of filing columns of bronzed and half-naked athletes. Immediately platform speeches and letters to the Press began to advocate a wide variety of programmes of physical training. After a little time for reflection, the enthusiasts began to make two discoveries. For one thing, there exist already in this country an immense variety of voluntary organizations for this very purpose, and, characteristically, they are for the most part unco-ordinated and unencouraged by the Government, and as often as not entirely unknown to the general public.

How many intelligent citizens, for example, know how much physical training goes on even among such well-known organizations as the Boy Scouts or the Girl Guides or in Boys' clubs? Or what the, after all, reasonably well-advertised Post Office does for its boy messengers? Or the nature and objects of the Women's League of Health and Beauty? The other day I was shown over a farm training colony which reclaims some hundreds of boys every year, physically and intellectually. I found that scarcely anybody in the country town two miles away had ever heard of the colony, much less of its work. It looks therefore as if a considerable proportion of the Government's effort will be confined to the unspectacular task of co-ordinating and encouraging existing organizations. Moreover, as soon as talk began to be heard of regenerating the national physique, the Opposition at once began the inevitable witch-hunt for militarism. Fattening the young for slaughter! said Sir Stafford Cripps. Young Britons must not only never fight, save of course in class-war against their fellow citizens, but they must not even grow fit lest, if there were a war, they might be fit to fight. A physically first-class nation is an inspiring ideal. With all its connotations in nutrition, housing and education it touches the national life at countless points. It should appeal equally, though for different reasons, to the whole gamut of opinions, from extreme pacifist to extreme militarist.

Perhaps the "more comprehensive efforts" mean that Sir

Kingsley Wood is going to launch a real campaign—publicity and all. Sir Kingsley Wood? There we encounter one of the obvious difficulties. Sir Kingsley Wood is Minister of Health. And such a campaign would concern the Board of Education, the Army and Navy, the Ministry of Labour—half the departments in Whitehall perhaps. For modern problems cut across the traditions of our departmentalization. I wish Mr. Baldwin would decide to make this campaign for a healthier nation the "feature" of next year, appoint one Minister to concentrate upon the one task of co-ordinating and directing it, and even, if this is not too unorthodox, another to look after its publicity.

But there is an even greater question lurking behind the King's Speech. No Party can inspire its followers, no Government can inspire a nation, unless it be itself possessed by a vitalizing idea. The dictators, usually because they rule over defeated nations, which have long suffered from inferiority complexes, have not had to look far for their inspiration. But what of us? The Labour Party, which was built on an idea is now visibly dying by inches for lack of it. The National Alliance cannot live for ever upon the Idea of Recovery alone. Nor yet can it afford to decline into a mere negative, the only alternative to a flaccid Opposition. The party which first possesses itself of the Idea which is to dominate the coming decades possesses itself of the key which will open for it the way to power. What Idea, then, what germ of an idea underlies the King's speech? I think I can see the shadow of one cast a year or two ahead of it.

Nearly a quarter of the Speech is directly concerned with the affairs of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Now, rather more than a generation ago what was then called Imperialism was still a great national idea, an idea for which men were prepared to die. It was the heyday of Kipling, and there was a certain self-centred bravado about the imperialist cult of those days. The flabby intellectualism of the post-war years turned against imperialism, not only because of its vein of swashbuckling exclusiveness, but also because it stood for self-confidence and virility. There are no imperialists now to write in terms of "painting the map red"—red, indeed, has acquired a very different significance in the post-war world. Yet a revived and chastened imperialism will yet, I believe, prove the

animating Idea of the years ahead of us. The world stage seems set for a struggle—not necessarily with arms—between dictatorship, Fascist or Communist, and democracy. Dictatorships may once more prove as short-lived as they have been in the past. The chief hope of democracy is that third of the world in which the British conception of ordered freedom has currency. Democracy in Britain stands or falls with democracy in the British Commonwealth, and in the United States. There is surely here a unifying idea, to which British citizens who believe primarily in freedom can rally as wholeheartedly as British citizens who believe primarily in Britain.

The Opposition, ever tenacious of its phobias, was cradled in hostility to Victorian imperialism. And just as year by year, with rigid conservatism, those pink journals which steadily urge us to provoke the present militarist dictatorships to war deride as meaningless the victory of 1918 which freed us from the menace of a militarist dictatorship, so there are plenty of Opposition pundits who still think automatically of the British Commonwealth as a network of bloodthirsty exploitation. But the quaint old tradition is dying. We have seen Socialist pacifists ready to fight for red Spain. It will not be long before the logic of world events teaches them that the British Commonwealth is even better worth defending. It is devoutly to be hoped that we shall not have to fight for it. But no Commonwealth survives long unless its citizens are ready, in the last resort, to die for it. And the political life of a nation is not healthy unless there be some idea for which, in the last resort, its citizens are prepared to risk their lives. The mere increase, year by year, of physical well-being is admirable. Whether we choose to call it Recovery or Benevolent Collectivism, it must go on; and the King's Speech makes it clear that the Government intends it to go on unremittingly. It is admirable but, like patriotism, it is not enough.

The paradox of the years ahead is that, beyond this, we need to combine a steady effort for lasting world peace with the re-birth of a national mentality which believes in an Idea sufficiently, if need be, to die for it. That Idea, I believe, will be the survival, because it is the fittest, of the British tradition within the world-wide British Commonwealth.

ARMS AND THE STATE

By J. A. Spender

I

THE necessity which led to the publication of the Government's White Paper on National Defence in the middle of the inquiry by a Royal Commission into the private manufacture of arms was no doubt imperative, but it was somewhat embarrassing for that inquiry. In effect, the Government took the main issue which a year previously they had submitted to this Commission out of its hands, and settled it in a manner which must have made any report in conflict with their decision an academic exercise. There were many voices in public and in private for winding up the Commission at that moment, but the major (and, I hope, the better) opinion was that the immense pains and trouble taken by institutions and individuals to present evidence on the one side and the other should not go for nothing, and that apart from this major issue, a considerable field remained in which it was possible to make recommendations that might be useful.

In the circumstances the decision on the major issue—the decision against the abolition of the private manufacture of arms—is under suspicion of being Government-inspired, if not actually, as some have suggested, an act of obsequiousness to the Government. It was not so. I think I speak for all my colleagues when I say that it would in any case have been a unanimous decision, and that if the Government's action had any effect, it was—such is the perversity of human nature—to cause some of us to reconsider rather carefully the reasons alleged against it. In what follows I shall be speaking only for myself, but it may help to understanding if I set down briefly the steps which led me to the conclusion that the co-operation of the State with private manufacture under adequate control was the right solution of this problem in time of peace.

State monopoly is the solution which has become inscribed on the banners of peace societies and has been accepted generally by the leaders of advanced opinion as the way of peace. So far as it is advocated by Socialists who are in favour of the general nationalization of industry, there is nothing to be said against it. For all these, the question is simply whether armament firms should be excepted from a policy embracing all other industries, and their answer is naturally that it should not be. It was very little use examining Socialist witnesses about the difficulties of nationalization in a non-Socialist society; their answer was the perfectly logical one that in the system which they contemplated, these difficulties would either not exist, or that if they presented themselves, the State would have short ways of dealing with them.

This was a legitimate answer, but a Royal Commission appointed to examine a specific problem would have strayed far from its purpose and terms of reference if it had been led into exploring the entire social system in its search for a solution. Its recommendations, whatever they were, were bound to be within the framework of the existing social system. It is precisely here that the difficulties begin, and to show what they are, I would ask the reader to read carefully pp. 22-25 of the Report, and then to ask himself where the argument leads.

To me it led to three conclusions:

(1) That the nationalization of armament firms alone would not diminish but almost certainly increase the amount of money, material, and labour permanently assigned to the making of arms in time of peace.

(2) That it would not diminish, but in all probability increase, the pressure alleged to be employed by other industries and interests, iron and steel, coal, chemicals, shipbuilding, aircraft manufacture, labour, etc., to increase armaments.

(3) That it would be less efficient, and less likely to lend itself to rapid expansion in time of war than a system of co-operation between the State and private enterprise.

The Commission has wisely, I think, refrained from expressing a positive opinion about the relative costs of the two systems, but I do not myself doubt that when all the factors are taken into consideration, the State monopoly system would be by far

the more costly. Shareholders in private companies would have to be compensated ; much new plant would have to be provided for military purposes alone in place of plant which is now devoted partly to military and partly to commercial purposes ; overhead charges which are now spread between military and commercial enterprises would have to be borne by the State alone ; a much larger quantity of labour would have to be permanently allotted to the arms industry than is necessary under a system which provides alternative employment for workers not immediately needed for the production of arms. To lay down a shipbuilding plant which would render the State independent of private yards would be very costly ; to purchase the private yards and withdraw them from commercial shipbuilding extremely uneconomic. It would need a very robust faith in the virtue and efficiency of State enterprise to believe that all this new expenditure would be recouped by the extinction of the profits now made by armament firms. That, as the report says, " would depend on a great many factors of management and policy, some of them raising political considerations, which it is impossible to forecast."

But this risk might be taken if there were any reason to suppose that the pressure for the increase of armaments would be relieved by making their manufacture in the last stage a State monopoly. There is no reason to think it ; there is rather reason to think the contrary. The pressures of the subsidiary interests would be transferred to and concentrated on the Government. In recent years the most notorious instances of lobbying and wire-pulling at Disarmament Conferences have been those not of the agents of armament firms, but of these subsidiary companies. There is finally a general consideration which I believe to be of serious importance and which may be stated in the words of the report :

> Experience in all countries suggests that the resistance to the reduction of expenditure on armaments increases in proportion as a government increases its direct employment of labour in the manufacture of arms. The extent to which governments are using the manufacture of arms as a means of employing labour or curing unemployment and their fear of the consequences if they demobilize this labour is, we believe, a new and very serious obstacle to the reduction of armaments, and it seems to us an advantage that this country should not be more deeply committed than is necessary in this respect.

I cannot speak in detail here of the technical argument which led to the conclusion that the co-operation of the State and private enterprise would best prepare the way for the rapid expansion that is required in time of war. A Socialist State at liberty to transfer labour from one industry to another and to prescribe wages and other conditions now regulated by trade union rules and practice would no doubt, on paper, produce a system which would be perfectly articulated and organized; and it may be conceded that all the totalitarian countries have this advantage over the free countries in military preparations. But the task for the Commission was to consider the system most likely to be efficient in the free conditions of British labour and industry.

II

The report against State monopoly is, however, by no means an acquittal of the armament firms, and still less a suggestion that all is well with the present system. Though the general conclusion is that the method of manufacturing arms weighs comparatively little in the scale of the great causes which make for war and prevent disarmament, the Commission holds that the armament firms have largely themselves to thank if its importance has been exaggerated:

> We think that the responsible heads of firms and directors of public companies need to be reminded of the essential difference between the trade in armaments and ordinary commercial business. The frivolous and cynical language which some of them have used in their speeches at shareholders' meetings and which has also been disclosed in the correspondence examined by the American Committee has given great and legitimate offence to immense numbers of persons, and it is largely responsible for the importance given to the scandals side of the question in the public mind. We believe that importance to be greatly exaggerated, but in so far as it is supposed that armament firms are unaware of or blind to the special dangers and liabilities of the trade they are pursuing, they themselves are largely responsible for it.

So far as this country is concerned, it is not seriously alleged that governments have been induced to increase their armaments by the pressure of the armament firms, or that the latter have either bribed officials or suborned newspapers to promote their trade. The only specific case of their activities in these spheres laid before the Commission was that of Mr. Mulliner,

who was alleged to have worked up a fictitious scare about the acceleration of German shipbuilding in the interests of the Coventry Ordnance Factory. Mr. Mulliner was indeed very active behind the scenes in the years 1908-9, and his connection with the Ordnance Factory brought his motives under suspicion, but the Admiralty acted on their own sources of information, which they could scarcely have been expected to ignore because Mr. Mulliner's reports confirmed them. Whether they were right in the inferences that they drew may be debated, but that they were correct in their dealings with Mr. Mulliner is, I think, beyond question. There were a dozen Mulliners on the scene, all professing to have information about German preparations. They invaded the newspaper offices, they bombarded the Admiralty, they stirred up the Opposition to attack the Government. The Admiralty heard them all, tested their evidence by its own information, and formed its own conclusions.

There is not the smallest reason to suppose that this agitation would have been any less in these months if the Coventry Ordnance Factory had not existed and the Government had had a monopoly in the construction of battleships and manufacture of guns. The great German naval scheme of 1908 was public knowledge; the relations of Great Britain were at the point of strain which followed the Bosnia-Herzegovina crisis; the explanations which ministers were bound to make to justify the minimum necessary programme inevitably caused anxiety. On their own confession British experts had been taken by surprise by the increase in the German capacity to build. This was the only test. How the Germans would use it—whether they were preparing a new programme or would accelerate their existing programme*—no one could say, but a mistake on the right side could easily be adjusted in the programmes of the following years, whereas a mistake on the wrong side would be irretrievable. The Government played for safety, as it was bound to, and its decision was no doubt influenced by the outside agitation. ("We want eight and we won't wait.") But the net result of this agitation was only to lay two more keels in the current financial year and

* The German documents published after the war suggest that they were preparing for the new programme which was the unpleasant surprise of the years 1911-12.

two fewer in the subsequent financial year. When the test of war came, the British superiority was very little in excess of the margin of 60 per cent. which all parties had accepted as necessary for security. Considering the multifarious tasks that fell on the British fleet during the war, there were moments when that margin looked uncomfortably small.

The Mulliner incident is worth examining if only that it brings out the fallacy that is inherent in much of the argument on this subject of attributing great events to little causes. The arms competition of the Powers was undoubtedly one of the great predisposing causes of war, but to attribute it to the sinister operations of armament firms or their agents is to follow a false trail, and to miss the true lessons which history has to teach in this matter. Panic and agitation belong to the whole order of events, when nations are threatening one another with competing armaments.

III

The influence of armament manufacturers or other " hidden hands " upon the governments of their own countries must therefore, I think, be placed very low among the causes making for war. Governments seeking security by arms will choose the method of manufacture that they think most efficient, or that best fits in with their own industrial system, and they will increase or diminish their armaments according to their ideas of national policy. Whether the present Government is right or not in rearming, no one seriously supposes that they have been influenced by Messrs. Vickers, Imperial Chemicals or the ship-building industry, or that these industries have bribed British Ministers and officials. But a different issue arises when we come to the question of the export of arms and trading in arms as practised by these and the corresponding foreign firms. Nearly all the abuses alleged by the critics of private manufacture, and especially those ventilated before the Nye Committee in the United States, belong to the sphere of export and trading. Here, it is alleged, the firms play into each other's hands by creating a " fear market " in the non-producing countries, supplying one with weapons that threaten its neighbours, and these neighbours with more weapons to counteract the threat,

and so on in a widening circle, in which active solicitation and in some countries actual bribery of Ministers and officials are freely practised. For example, a British firm may supply submarines to a foreign government, and a foreign firm may supply destroyers to a neighbouring government on the ground that they are needed to counter the submarines supplied by the British firm.

To pronounce exactly upon the extent of these evils would need a roving inquiry with power to extract evidence from many governments and countries. Only the League of Nations could conduct such an inquiry, and it seems less and less probable that it will be permitted to do so. The Royal Commission necessarily confined itself to examining certain cases in which British firms were involved, and to considering how far the system under which trading in arms goes forward lends itself to the abuses alleged. I cannot speak for all my colleagues, but the impression left on my mind by the evidence is that it is a very undesirable trade which, as at present practised, lends itself to grave abuses. The Commission found itself unable to accept the plea of the armament firms that they do not solicit orders, and that they are unaware that bribery is practised :

> The employment of agents abroad paid by commission appears to be the accepted practice of certain armament firms in this country. In a foreign country where the giving of bribes or the sharing of commission is necessary in order to secure a government contract, it is obvious that the agent, if he is to do business in face of competition, must be active in soliciting orders, and must give bribes. It is idle for the firm employing agents under the above conditions to attempt to disclaim all responsibility for so objectionable a practice by pointing out that the commission they pay their agent is his to do what he likes with, and that they give him no orders and leave him to dispose of it as he pleases, or that the commission is small. The commission they pay the agent may be small, but if the order is large, as in this class of business it frequently is, there is ample provision for a substantial amount of bribery. A system which enables bribery to be cloaked under commissions and leaves the principals free to profess ignorance of it seems to us to be open to grave objection.

The Commission did not think it necessary to multiply instances to prove that a system of which this can justly be said stands in need of drastic reform. My own first impulse was to say that, whatever other nations may do, this trading in arms should be prohibited for British firms. A little reflection, how-

ever, gives pause to this thought. If trading in arms were generally prohibited, the non-producing countries would be under the necessity of setting up arsenals and munitions factories of their own, with the result that the aggregate amount of capital and labour devoted to armaments would be greatly increased, and quite possibly a new competition in armaments started among the smaller Powers. This cannot be desirable, nor is it to be desired that British firms alone should be prevented from supplying the needs of the smaller Powers. It is not the least of the objections to a State monopoly that under it this branch of the trade would tend to become political rather than commercial, and that all the governments would be tempted to make the supply of arms to their smaller neighbours subject to conditions compelling them to be allies or even vassals, rather than customers. The existence of private firms supplying the needs of these smaller Powers is to that extent a convenient buffer between the greater and the smaller nations, and a certain guarantee of the independence of the latter.

The conclusion, therefore, is that trading must be allowed to go on, but under much stricter control than heretofore. The licensing system as at present administered divides responsibility between the Government and the firms to a dangerous extent. The *vis inertiæ* is on the side of export ; the trade goes forward automatically, subject to a few general rules. If the supply of arms to Central American republics, for example, is discovered afterwards to have been a cause of war and slaughter, or of their being prolonged, the supplying firm is in a position to say that the responsibility is not theirs but that of the Government, which might have vetoed the export by withholding its licence if it had chosen to do so. The Government, on the other hand, is inclined to throw the responsibility back on the firms, and between the two the restraints on the trade are negligible.

The Commission is of opinion that the licensing system should be " governed by an outlook different from and more positive in character from that which now prevails." It would be invidious to schedule countries to which arms should not be exported, but the controlling authority which the Commission thinks essential would in effect be able to control the trade in such a way as to remove the chief objections, so far as British

firms are concerned. The fact that a Minister was liable to be questioned in Parliament about this trade would of itself impose a certain restraint.

The need of such a controlling authority was brought home to the Commission at every point of the inquiry. If I may speak for myself, I was inclined at one stage of it to aim at the conversion of armament firms, or such parts of other firms as are assigned to the production of munitions, into corporations with limited profits and government representation on their boards. The objection that many firms are only partly, or only to a small extent, producers of armaments is not a fatal one, for under the modern system of accounting, any part can be detached and presented as a self-contained unit for the purpose of accounting and management. The Government would in any case be wise to insist that this should be done in respect of their armament work by the firms which it employs. But there are other difficulties in this solution. For example, the limitation of profits in good times carries with it the guarantee of a minimum of profits in slack times—a proposal of doubtful acceptability to the public ; and yet without such limitation an official director would find himself in an invidious position between his duty to the Government and his duty to the shareholders.

But if that solution is barred and a Government monopoly is undesirable there remains only control by a superior authority which has the power through its inspectors or otherwise to obtain all the information necessary to discover whether the export business is being properly conducted, and whether the private firm is dealing fairly with the Government in the matter of prices and so forth. Except through this personal supervision with access to the necessary information, I do not believe that any price-control can be effective in the present state of no competition, or very limited competition, which rules in the trade. Experience is more and more proving that, except by a unified control, the proper co-ordination of the vast and varied industries which contribute to the making of arms and munitions cannot be achieved. The Government must be its own watch-dog. The Commission has been careful not to wound susceptibilities in its comments on the system, whereby the firms recruit their directors from serving or retired public servants, and has

contented itself with the stipulation that the consent of the Minister in charge of the Department in which they are serving, or have served, should be a condition of their accepting these appointments. But even on this condition the ex-official director becomes necessarily the servant of the shareholders who appoint him, and he is placed in a false position if he is expected to guard the interests of the Government.

The general conclusion, then, is that for a peace-time organization the collaboration of the State with private industry is better suited than State monopoly to the industrial conditions of this country, and likely to involve less expenditure of capital and labour in keeping the " war potential " up to the necessary level than any effort by the State alone. It is a great advantage that under the joint system the necessary labour need have only part-time, whereas under monopoly it must have whole-time, employment ; it is also an advantage that different brains should be working at the same problems from different angles, and that there should be a certain amount of competition between them. But it is absolutely necessary that this system should be under much more stringent control and supervision than is at present applied to it, and this is especially true of the export and trading in arms.

To take the profit out of war is an ideal which is justly cherished by all parties, but if war-profiteering has reached the point of scandal, it has been *in* war rather than between wars. For a highly speculative trade the profits of armament firms have not been excessive over a period of years in peace, but the contrast in time of war between the sufferings and sacrifices of the fighting men and the sheltered life and immense profits of the makers of munitions has sunk deep into the public mind, and " never again " has been the word about this as about much else that happened in the Great War. On this matter the Commission goes straight to the point and says that the " conscription of industry " will be a necessity, if unhappily there should be another war, and urges that the problems connected with it should be faced without delay. They must be, for an opinion of this kind cannot go on the record without making it quite certain that the former experience can never be repeated.

CANADA'S FOREIGN POLICY

By André Siegfried

I

BEING in North America, Canada has only one neighbour, the United States—but what a neighbour! The relations which arise from this fact dominate her entire foreign policy. The common boundary of over 3,000 miles inevitably presents many serious problems, especially since the intimacy of the two countries leads to continual intercourse. They are like two tenants living in the same apartment house, indeed on the same floor. We are dealing here less with questions of foreign policy than of the internal domestic policy of North America. In fact it is scarcely a question of policy at all, since fortunately any matters to be settled are relegated by common consent to the domain of legal procedure. They quarrel certainly, but always as one does in the civil courts; and consequently, they do not fight. Such is the enviable spirit in which that model institution, the International Boundary Commission, carries on its discussions. Any explanation which fails to take this geographical fact into account will miss the crux of the situation.

This gives a clear insight into the nature of Canadian independence. It is quite obvious that the Dominion cannot defend itself against the United States. In case of war any resistance would be so completely impossible that no one ever dreams of it or prepares for it. Canada—and well she knows it—is free only so long as relations are friendly, and so she dare not adopt any policy that would be liable to irritate her overwhelming neighbour. She could not, for instance, expropriate, as Mexico did, the American capital invested in her territory, nor, let us say, cut off the electric power which she exports across the frontier. Therefore it is essential to maintain good relations between the two countries, and this is the cardinal preoccupation of every Canadian government, no matter to which party it

belongs. I should not be surprised if it were uppermost in their minds, and came even before their anxiety not to annoy the English.

But we should be wrong in our interpretation if we believed that Canada feels that the proximity of the United States is not on the whole advantageous. On the contrary, she considers it as a valuable guarantee of her security, since if ever she were menaced by a foreign power, the Monroe Doctrine obviously would protect her. One naturally thinks of Japan. Some tactless commentators have been known to suggest that the Monroe Doctrine would even protect her against England if the latter were to resort to force in this proscribed area. This point is ridiculous, and I am only quoting it in order to emphasize the strictly continental character of the problem. The protection of the Dominion—and those concerned are under no illusion about it—in no way depends upon the British fleet, but rather upon the military power, or, if you prefer, on the immense potential force of the United States. This is admitted by tacit understanding in view of the solidarity of the North-American continent, from which England is excluded.

Taking into account the fraternal relations existing in North America, it is perfectly natural that both countries should feel that it is their duty to adopt a common policy, amounting almost to an alliance, in order to defend the patrimony of their common civilization. Public opinion, arising from this community of interests, is so identical that, on any international question whatever, the spontaneous reaction of both countries is, nine times out of ten, exactly the same. There is no need of diplomatic influence, of an exchange of notes, or of conversations between ambassadors. No, the American atmosphere, being the same on both sides of the boundary, naturally suggests the same replies, arising from the same moral reflexes, from the same instinct to distrust Europe, and the same " White American " complex. At Geneva, for example, the Canadian delegate expresses a point of view which would be that of the American delegate if there was one. Close your eyes, and you might easily think that the voice of America was speaking. It is sometimes said that Canada interprets the United States to Europe, and this is perfectly true. Even when interest or prudence

dictates this attitude, however, the Dominion adopts it without pressure and of her own free will.

II

The British connection involves a series of relationships of an entirely different order, which maintain Canada within a non-American system, and oppose an East-West attraction to the trend from North to South. Even though she has become independent, the Dominion cannot do without the Mother Country. It is a question of sentiment, whereas there is none in the case of the relationship with the United States, in spite of the cordiality. It is also a matter of policy, for even though the Empire may not directly provide military security, it confers a prestige which is a form of international security. Then again, England is Canada's best customer; and finally she counterbalances the American colossus, whose physical pressure would otherwise become unbearable. In the political domain this bond with the old country is just as important as is the link with the United States in the continental domain. The combination of these two elements is essential to the political existence of Canada, for her independence is made up of the equilibrium which results from this double dependence.

It is not in Canada's interest to upset this equilibrium, but rather that a tacit understanding should maintain it more or less indefinitely. If the first principle of Canadian policy is to keep on friendly terms with the United States, there is another which is not one whit less important, and that is to do everything possible to preserve cordial relations between the United States and England. Any rupture, even a serious difference of opinion between London and Washington, would put the Ottawa Government in an impossible situation, for it would not know which side to choose. Certain overwhelming arguments—geography, security, and community of outlook—might incline her to the side of the United States, but automatically there would be a passionate reaction on the part of the British element. If the point of issue were serious, this might lead to civil war and break up the entire country.

Canada is thus apt to intervene in Imperial policy, and even

more closely in English policy, in order to obtain solutions which are acceptable to the United States. Thanks to the good offices of the Dominions, the American viewpoint is thus represented and supported in the very heart of the Empire, which is therefore drifting towards America and away from Europe. There is nothing either astonishing or disconcerting in this when we recall that Canada herself is American.

In this connection it is curious to watch the English attitude. The British Government might be tempted to make use of Canada in order to influence the policy of the United States in favour of Great Britain. Undoubtedly various subtle influences are working in this way, but on the surface England's chief aim in this connection seems to be to avoid, at all costs, ever placing Canada in the delicate position of having to choose between the United States and England. Now, this can be prevented by adapting Imperial policy as far as possible to American preferences. It is in this spirit that time and again London gives way to Washington, and if, on behalf of the collective interests of Europe, a third party were to encourage the British Government to resist, the latter would indignantly protest, as in Corneille's *Nicomède* : " Ah, don't embroil me with the Republic ! "

It may be that this conception sacrifices the substance for the shadow, the shadow here being the prestige which England obtains by keeping Canada within the Empire, and this is no small thing. The role of Great Britain in international affairs would be very different if the fear of losing Canada in a dispute with the United States were relegated to second place. The fact that it has been given first place since the war has allowed the Canadian Government on several occasions to wield a decisive influence in the determination of Imperial policy. At certain moments decisions have been taken, less in London and from the English point of view than in Canada and from the American point of view, so that the centre of gravity of the Empire seemed actually to have been displaced. " Rome is no longer in Rome. . . . "

The most striking example was, without doubt, the termination of the Anglo-Japanese alliance in 1921. The Foreign Office, supported by Australia and New Zealand, and also by British Columbia, were in favour of renewing it, but American opinion

was violently opposed. To the Americans it seemed like treason, for it broke the solidarity of the white races. Mr. Meighan, the Canadian Prime Minister, was doubtless in a better position than anyone to understand the English arguments, being British, a Conservative, and an Imperialist. Nevertheless, he reacted as a North American, as he was anxious above all to avoid a policy which would not have the collaboration of the United States in the Pacific. When the Imperial Conference was debating this grave decision, he opposed renewal. His innate fear was that the Dominion might be implicated in a conflict in the Pacific, in which England and the United States would not be on the same side. Therefore it was necessary for the two great Anglo-Saxon countries to act in unison on an agreed policy, and the Conference finally rallied to this point of view. From this emerged the Washington Naval Treaty, but Canada had been able to make her own decision, and impose it on the others.

The attention paid to British policy is understandable in view of Canada's position in case of war. The Empire then is one, for when England is at war the Dominion is also. No doubt she could participate with more or less conviction, or might even do practically nothing at all, but a declaration of neutrality would be tantamount to severing her connection with the Empire. No matter how little she collaborates, however, and even if in practice she were to abstain, yet all the various alternatives imply dangerous risks either internally or abroad. A state of neutrality is feasible, but the British element in Canada would consider it treason ; a passive belligerence would antagonize England, without necessarily warding off the enemy's guns ; active participation such as we saw in 1914 would arouse the protests of those Canadians who do not wish to fight for what they would regard as no concern of theirs. The consequence is that Canada cannot afford to disinterest herself in any policy, even a general policy, which great Britain might adopt, since she is dragged into a British war whether she wishes it or not. The British connection thus implies as many dangers as advantages.

It should be possible to analyze the principles which determine the Canadian attitude. If England is in mortal peril, a Canadian army will intervene to help defend her, as she did during the Great War. There is no formal engagement, however, for the

Canadian Parliament is still master of the situation, and will make its own decision. Yet it would be impossible to refuse, for the pressure of the British element in the Dominion would be irresistible, and in an explosion of passion would carry all before it. Let us add that in such circumstances the United States would also intervene sooner or later for the same reason, to save Anglo-Saxon civilization from disappearing from the face of the world. Thus the unity of the North-American position would reappear in an unexpected form, in spite of all the palaver about neutrality.

If, on the other hand, it is simply a question of an " English " war, of no vital interest to the Empire, the attitude changes completely and the Canadian Government reserves the right to act in conformity with the interests of the Dominion. No doubt there would be a difference of opinion, according to the racial origin of the population and the stage it had reached. The English would say : " Ready, aye, ready ! " but the French would explain that the country was being dragged into an English affair which was of no interest to them. The Canadians in general, as well as their Government, whether Conservative or Liberal, would consider that, so long as it was not a matter of life and death they were ready to respect English interests, but that there were also Canadian interests which were equally deserving of attention. So they would lag behind, as in the Chanak incident, which was so typical, and incidentally established a precedent.

The Dominion Government confirms its right, as a matter of principle, to adopt a policy of " Canada First." It realizes that, as it belongs to the Empire, it is always liable, even in spite of its precautions, to be implicated in some new adventure. So the desire for preventive measures on its part is only natural. In order to circumscribe its responsibilities, we find it specifying that it will not be implicated in certain treaties which should be considered as English and not Imperial. For example, we have the Treaty of Lausanne earmarked in this way in 1923, and Locarno in 1926. Similarly one senses that, both beneath the surface and out in the open, Canada is exerting constant pressure to prevent the British Government from compromising itself on the Continent more than it can help. Though Canada knows

full well that England must worry about and do everything possible to guard her own security, yet she always seems to be suggesting: "Not too much zeal when it comes to Europe! . . ."

Another thing that it is curious to find in this British Dominion is a reflection of the distrust of "perfidious Albion," which is so ingrained in the Americans. British diplomacy enjoys great prestige, but it is also credited with a Machiavellianism of which it would be prudent to beware. "Above everything," the Canadians seem to say, "do not let us be persuaded for the sake of the *beaux yeux* of England to embark on a policy that does not concern us!" Such is, I think, the ulterior motive in the Canadian doctrine which consists of refusing to be lined up behind England, except when she acts in the name of the League of Nations. The Canadians are afraid of being used as pawns, and believe that at Geneva they will find a guarantee against Imperialism, for the latter must, at the League, subordinate itself to international demands. Canadian duties are thus submerged into a more general, and therefore less compromising, solidarity.

III

Being on neighbourly terms with the United States, and one of the family in England, Canada seems at first sight to be tarred with a continental provincialism on the one hand, and with an Imperial provincialism on the other. Yet economically she has international vision, for she is obliged to export a large proportion of her raw materials. As the American and English markets cannot absorb all her production, she is forced to keep in close contact with world markets. Canada's future depends upon a revival throughout the world of a regime of international free trade—or at least more liberal ideas than at present—which will allow her to export to other countries besides England and the U.S.A. This is the price of her independence.

"More than any country in the world Canada is the result of political, not economic, forces," writes Dafoe, "and the economic disharmony between its various geographical subdivisions is too great to be adjusted by policies of national exclusiveness. Unless we can trade with the outside world our condition must be one of stagnation, with a standard of living falling to ever lower levels,

and with increasing strains upon the bonds that keep our federation together."*

We gather from this commentary, which we owe to one of the most vigorous political brains in the country, that the double chapter of Canada's relations with England and the United States does not exhaust the problem of her foreign relations. This gives her an international outlook, for it is her duty to preserve somewhere in the world a relic of economic liberalism, which depends in its turn upon the maintenance of peace, not only between England and the United States, but generally throughout the world. In this new series of relationships, which extend beyond the boundaries of the British and North-American systems, we must single out Japan, Latin America, and the League of Nations.

Having one boundary on the Pacific Ocean, Canada cannot ignore Japan. She is gradually finding that Japan can be a very satisfactory client if humoured a little. This feeling of cordiality is not wanting in Australia either. The existence of Japan, however, is manifest under another aspect, especially in British Columbia, where there is a large Nipponese colony. This colony may be more numerous than official statistics disclose, and if vigilance were ever relaxed it would probably grow at an alarming rate. But the Canadian Government wishes to follow its own policy with regard to Japan. In 1909 a gentleman's agreement dealing with immigration was directly negotiated and concluded by M. Lemieux, a member of the Laurier Cabinet; an exchange of ministers plenipotentiary has taken place; and finally, Canada has shown that she is not indifferent to the organization of some defence on the Pacific Coast against an eventual aggressor. We realize, however, that in actual fact her security depends upon the United States, who would certainly not be indifferent were Japan to violate Canada's territory. This situation is tacitly accepted by the Canadian people, who are ready to leave the matter in the hands of their two great protectors.

Canada's relations with Latin America permit us to measure, with the precision of delicate scales, the quantity of Americanism (in the larger sense of the term) that Canada can absorb.

*John W. Dafoe. *Canada: An American Nation.* p. 119.

Although invited to become a member of the Pan-American Union, where a place apparently is waiting for her, she has not seen fit to join it, up to the present time. The North-American bond leads her naturally to the intimacy with the United States which we have described, but the solidarity of the New World as a whole, real as it is, seems to her to be less certain. In the northern part of the American continent there is common Anglo-Saxon civilization, which reinforces the geographical attraction, but, in so far as the Latin countries are concerned, the Dominion feels out of touch with them, all the more so as in her northern latitude she is even farther away from them than is England herself. Her Americanism does not go beyond North America, and when it comes to proclaiming her adherence to pan-Americanism she draws back, owing to her Imperial allegiance. Not that it is incompatible in any way, but she already belongs to another system which—the objection has a certain importance—is not a republican system. Therefore she is sympathetic, and may even collaborate, but always with a subtle reserve which will not let her go too far.

Geneva occupies an important place in Canadian policy. When Canada obtained her admission as one of the " original members of the League of Nations, signatories of the Peace Treaty," with the right to a separate vote and the possibility of accession to the Council, recognition of her new international status was assured. This satisfied her self-respect, a point on which Canadian opinion is very touchy. Though she is simply a second-grade American power, she obviously has increased her prestige by figuring separately, although in the name of the Empire, in international discussions. In this way she benefits both from being associated with the Imperial community, and also from being separate from it, which is very adroit.

The assiduity with which she plays her part is largely explained by her eagerness to impress upon others that she is present, for the direct advantages she receives at Geneva are not apparent at first sight. She is not looking to Geneva for security, since that, as we have seen, has already been provided on her own continent, where collective action in the name of the Covenant would not dare interfere. Instead one discerns a desire to contribute to a policy which is aiming at the general peace of the world, from

which a country of this type derives an indirect but certain benefit.

The Abyssinian crisis clearly showed that in so far as it is British, the Canadian public reacts to the League of Nations in exactly the same was as does corresponding opinion in England and the United States. But the French-Canadian section, no doubt in a spirit of opposition, acted differently, with the result that the Government, though loyal to its obligations under the Covenant, was careful not to be over-zealous. One cannot help feeling that, although collective security represents a conviction in so far as the Canadians are concerned, it is only a conviction *de luxe*. Apart from mortal danger to England, the latent temptation to isolate herself in North America is perhaps the real tendency in Canada, and the one that goes deepest.

Translated by Doris and H. H. Hemming.

BLACK GLOVES

By Marguerite Steen

SHE was dressed in a style which the civilized world has agreed to accept as a uniform : the uniform of the English gentlewoman in "reduced circumstances." Without relinquishing one's gallantry one might refer to her as old ; she herself would have been the last to resent the description. The humble yet dignified acceptance of age was in the muddled line of the small black hat—it was nearly a bonnet ; in the black dress, with its modest placket, its bodice and little vest of pattern-less net, rising into a band that supported the soft, crêpey folds of a small, blunt chin. Her shoulders, whether plump or boney —and one inclines towards the former adjective—were rendered anonymous by one of those scarves whose depressing pattern one might judge to have been conceived on a wet English Sunday, facing a partially uprooted bed of Jerusalem artichokes ; its terms had been translated into grey and black, for the benefit of those whose respect for convention drives them, at certain social crises, into half-mourning.

Her corsetting was unobtrusive, and—let us admit it—not wholly successful ; a Frenchwoman would have known better how to deal with the problems of chest, hips and the area which may be dismissed as below the belt. That effect common to elderly Parisiennes, of a baroque iron pouter pigeon is dismissed by ladies like our Mrs. Bennett (could that have been her name ?) as slightly immoral ; some vaguely sensed though wholly un-classified abhorrence of sexual emphasis prevents their submission to the iron-tight and iron-shining constriction of the pelvic girdle that thrusts the Parisian bosom so uncompromisingly outwards and upwards. Having reduced the recalcitrance of curves in the upper pectoral regions with a *cache-corset* of the utmost possible rigidity, Mrs. Bennett was content to leave well alone ; she saw nothing immodest in the little, variable

bulge beneath her belt buckle, nor would it have occurred to her as anything other than uncomfortable and unhygienic to submit her hips to the corsetiere. In common with the majority of her countrywomen, she bought her corsets ready-made, and her only difficulty was to find a model which gave her enough support above the waist. Of what use to a lady of Mrs. Bennett's period and upbringing were the modern travesties that allow fourteen inches from the hips downwards, and a mere inch of elastic above? The purpose of her corsets—or, as she always called them, her stays—was the innocent, twofold one of providing warmth and support: never to enhance the lines which all modestly-minded people agree to ignore.

How disgusted she would have been to think that her body, her comfortable, unattractive English body, could arouse such conjectures in a mind of the opposite sex as she crossed the lounge of the *Carlos V*, at the—very late—hour of Spanish afternoon tea! Her movements had the sublime, yet wholly unconscious confidence of one who has been educated as a member of the English upper classes: quiet without being furtive, neat without gracefulness, mildly authoritative without autocracy. In no circumstances could one imagine her voice being raised, or its tempo quickened. Her skirts rustled very slightly: a sound associated in literature with female coquetry, but in the present instance devoid of the mischievous quality as the sound of a broom sweeping up dead leaves. It was as though their rusty black remained mnemonic of the untidy little box edgings of a Rectory garden: a faint memorial whiff of rosemary struggled with Dimuth in their folds.

She carried an English newspaper, and the usual handbag; and her hands were covered with black cotton gloves. And it was the gloves which were startling, which imparted an inexplicable touch of exoticism to her appearance: a touch of "costume," as though a conscientious actress, in search of that detail which places the seal of authenticity upon her make-up had added them as an afterthought as a humorous flourish upon her impersonation.

How far, one wondered, had one's perceptions become coloured by one's residence abroad? To see the English as they are it is necessary to remove oneself to a certain geographical distance:

precisely as one withdraws in order to make a sketch of perspective. In an English Protestant church, at a vicarage sewing meeting, would one not have taken Mrs. Bennett (if that was her name) completely for granted, gloves and all? Nothing about her would have seemed to call for that speculative and analytical interest which she aroused in the lounge of a Spanish hotel: that seeking after motives, that inquisitiveness that centred, for some inexplicable reason, in the black cotton gloves and the respectably ambiguous hat.

The French have a charming verb: "On five-oclokera," they say, "à quatre heures." If this ever finds its way into Spain, we shall no doubt hear it rendered as "Fivocloquerémos a las siete." It was seven, and the Spanish, having recovered from their strenuous lunch at three, and with yet three hours to go before dining, were filling in time with a *thé dansant*. A little orchestra of four instruments worked hard; a small space of floor cleared for the occasion was occupied by languid couples. The standard of dancing was very bad, the footwear of the girls indifferent. Even in the capitals, Madrid and Sevilla, modern Spain has not yet adapted itself to modern practice in this matter of ballroom dancing; the girls are self-conscious and the young men, lost without their cabaret partners, anxiously exhibitionistic. It is, moreover, difficult to make a successful exhibition when one is hindered, rather than helped, by one's partner.

Round the edge of the dancing floor sit the elderly ladies: apparently paying little attention, absorbed in their conversations, in their sugared cakes, in their chocolate, which the majority still prefer to tea. But consciousness of their surveillance is in the poker back of each young man, and in the faltering ankles of the girls. There are no tables for couples; half a dozen boys and girls gather at each, the talk and laughter is very loud, ostentatiously innocent. The air of the Spanish five-o'clock is even more devastating than its counterpart at the Savoy, London.

The lounge formed a kind of passage towards this function; it was almost deserted, save for one or two elderly women and Mrs. Bennett, who made her way to a corner where there were two empty chairs and a little glass-topped table. She seemed to know this corner; her manner of settling into it reminded

one of boarding houses in the Cromwell Road, where the oldest inhabitants stake out a claim upon certain comfortable chairs and corners, which are usurped only at the peril of newcomers' lives. She sat down and opened her newspaper, apparently unaware of, or indifferent to, the penetrating stares of the Spanish women, who glowered across their shelf-like bosoms upon this calm intruder upon their preserves.

Curiosity is the most pernicious of all emotions; where no other stimulus deprives one of the conventions of good taste and correct behaviour that fit one (presumably) for society, curiosity has been known to make a boor of even the most naturally polite person. It became imperative to establish some line of connection with Mrs. Bennett, as she sat so calmly reading her week-old copy of *The Times*, raked by sullen Spanish eyes, under the bulwarks of so many Spanish bosoms, in the very shadow of Spanish noses, jutting like bowsprits across the fierce middle-aged moustachery of Spanish upper lips. One had so become accustomed to regard the Spanish as the most attractive of all people, so infinitely preferable to any of the Nordic races—one's own included—that it was startling to discover a patriotism believed utterly to have dissolved in international interests stirred in sympathy for Mrs. Bennett, as she anchored so serenely under the bows of this female Armada. Her temerity seemed out of all proportion to the act, had she not obviously been so utterly unconscious of the jealous scrutiny. Why, indeed, she would herself have said, should anyone be jealous of *me*? Nor, if one had talked for an hour, could one have convinced her of that thing bitterer than common jealousy that stirs in the Spanish woman's breast when she contemplates one of her own sex, upon whom the mere accident of nationality confers emancipation. "Emancipation!" you could picture Mrs. Bennett crying. "Really, my dear—*please*! How can you accuse me of being one of those dreadful creatures they call emancipated women?" For, of course, having been reared to it, the freedom of going about unaccompanied, and talking in a friendly fashion with the opposite sex, and being generally regarded as an intelligent individual means nothing to the Mrs. Bennetts.

Our chairs were so near together that the faint committal

creaking of Mrs. Bennett's corsetry kept one advised of her few movements. From her occasional glance across the top of her spectacles it seemed that she wished to attract the attention of one of the waiters, who stood in a group near the door of the dancing room, surveying with statuesque boredom the scene within. There is nothing on earth so languid as a Spanish waiter, and none so impervious to calls upon his attention, unless the aromatic bouquet of a coming tip happens to cross his nostrils.

Mrs. Bennett leaned forward.

"Excuse me," she said, in exactly the voice one expected from the rest of her appearance, "But I'm sure you are English?"

One was obliged to admit it; there is no lying about these matters, even after twenty years residence in the Iberian peninsular.

"Would you mind," said Mrs. Bennett, "telling one of those waiters to come here?"

"It is odd," she remarked a little later, when tea, ordered by her, and coffee, my own choice, stood upon the table between us, "how the English always know one another. I mean, when they are abroad. There must be something quite unmistakable about us as a nation. I wonder what it is? We never seem to lose our national coloration. It is really very nice to hear an English voice again," she ended surprisingly.

"You have been abroad some time?" It seemed incredible; she must have stepped complete, within the hour, from her parsonage or her armchair in the Cromwell Road. She had lost no breath of that English essence of which she was distilled.

"Several years," she returned, with a well-bred vagueness that seemed—although I am sure it was not intended—to rebuke an impertinence. "It will be nice to see the little green fields again; and I really do look forward to an English croquet lawn! The grass here is of a very poor quality—have you noticed? But perhaps it does not matter, as the Spaniards do not play croquet. Such a pleasant game! My husband used to say I was rather good at it. But one gets out of practice."

"I am sure you will soon recover your skill," I replied, enchanted by the picture of Mrs. Bennett playing croquet. She

rewarded me with a polite little smile, that trailed away to rest upon the dancers.

" So pleasant to see young people enjoying themselves. How pretty Spanish girls are. And such nice manners. A very strict upbringing, I believe, but it does seem to prove we allow our girls too much liberty in England. One so deplores old-fashioned opinions, but so much of the charm of English girlhood seems to have vanished with their simplicity in these dreadfully sophisticated days."

" Would you call Spanish girls simple ? " I felt my brows rising. Unthinkable to deprive Mrs. Bennett of her illusions if, after " several years " in Spain, she still cherished any ; but irresistible to test the profundities of her British imperception. She ignored the question, but countered with a surprising observation.

" You are, perhaps, a writer ? Do pray excuse me," she added hastily, upon a little note of confusion strangely and youthfully touching. " An exile as long as mine has been makes one so terribly curious about one's countrymen. You must think me so impertinent."

" Please don't trouble about that. What should make you think I am a writer ? "

" Oh—your way of watching people," she said, still confusedly. " Really, I am quite ridiculous ! I never knew a writer in my life, although I remember once when my husband and I were staying in Dorchester, we were taken to call on the Hardys. You know who I mean : the *Thomas* Hardys. They had a pretty house that was called something Gate. Unfortunately they were not at home when we called, but it was quite interesting to see the garden and the house—from the outside, of course—where he wrote his novels. How foolish you must think me ! "

" I'm so sorry to disappoint you by not being a writer ! "

" Now you're making fun of me ! My husband was always teasing me about the stories I made up about people. He said I had the very least capacity for ' placing ' people of any woman he ever met ! So awkward, with a position like my husband's to keep up. Oh dear, how grand that sounds ! We were really very humble people, but the vicar of a parish has so many responsibilities that one is apt to think sometimes that the whole

world revolves round our little thoughts and actions. We had such a pretty house ; how very odd it would seem if one were to meet it out here ! "

" It is hard to imagine anything more incongruous than an English vicarage set in the Spanish landscape," I agreed, more enchanted every moment with Mrs. Bennett, who was running so exquisitely true to type. The band was now playing a tango, and a clatter from the dining-room on our left showed that the waiters were preparing the tables for dinner.

" The meal times are so odd, are they not ? " she said, on a note of confidence she had not previously employed. " So very bad for the digestion, although, of course, one does one's best to conform with the habits of the country. It is a mistake to be *too* insular—don't you think ? So long as one remembers one's code, it is really better to let the little things go. Such a pity to disapprove of a thing just because it is foreign ! "

The innocent parade of broadmindedness from one whose every gesture proclaimed the strictness of her limitations enraptured me. Willingly would I have dedicated the evening to her society, if such a suggestion would not have infringed the " code " upon which she set such value. I wondered whether it was permissible to introduce myself ; if I could offer my services, should she require them, to an English lady exiled, to use her own expression, in a foreign country, and did my best to assure her of the blamelessness of my intentions by mentioning the British consulate, where—much as I detest such places—we might renew our acquaintanceship.

" No, I haven't yet written my name," she confessed. " I have not been here long—in Sevilla, I mean—and I have had a little trouble, nothing serious, I am glad to say : merely some legal business in connection with property of my husband's in England. Lawyers—so tiresome. I never had anything to do with them in the old days, and typewritten envelopes do so fluster me ! Really, you must forgive me for chattering about my stupid affairs. Since coming here I have had so little opportunity for making English contacts that I quite forget myself in the pleasure of talking to a fellow countryman again."

The conversation looped off around English subjects ; a few names slipped in casually, which, although they established no

line of mutual acquaintance, carry conviction to Britishers all the world over. We talked about conservatories, herbaceous borders, the relative merits of antirrhinum and geranium as bedding out plants, the superiority of Torquay over other watering places, the Eton and Harrow match (which she had once attended) ,the Jubilee, which she was very sorry to have missed : " Such *dear* people, our King and Queen, so truly homely and simple." She was interested in the new Zoo, which she had read about, but had not seen, at Whipsnade, and asked me to explain what the papers meant by the new traffic restrictions, which seemed to her highly commendable. " Why anyone should wish to travel at a greater speed than thirty miles an hour I cannot imagine," she declared. " I remember when we bought a little pony cart, just after my husband was appointed to his first living ; how we enjoyed driving Teddy—that was the pony's name—along the country lanes, picking honeysuckle from the hedges as Teddy jogged along ! What does the present generation, tearing through the countryside in a cloud of dust, know of such pleasure as that ? Oh dear, how dreadful the dust is in Spain ! I cannot get my servants to take it seriously, and I am sure there is very little pleasure to be had in going for a drive, when one comes back coated with powder, as though one had been rolling in the road."

Not one word to explain what kept her in a country which, in spite of her broadmindedness, she evidently detested. I found myself admiring her reticence as, with the skilful touch of a woman accustomed to handling small talk, she kept the conversation on impersonal lines : mingling historical reminiscence with those soft and woolly forms of politics which are permitted, in England, even to vicar's wives.

And the Armada looked on, riveted by the spectacle of an apparently respectable lady talking to a man whose acquaintance she had most obviously only just made, yet not nearly so intrigued as they would have been could they have heard the conversation, which presently wandered to books, music, and pictures. Mrs. Bennett did so like Hugh Walpole—although the Herries saga was rather too long for her, and really a little coarse in places ; did I think Mr. Walpole was going in for that kind of thing ?—it seemed such a pity, when he had always held

himself so much apart from the dreadful modern style of writing. So delightful when he wrote about clergymen. " One feels his gentlefolk really *are* gentlefolk, not the rather dreadful kind of inventions some writers give us ; but, of course, it is all a matter of breeding, isn't it, and the lower middle classes can't be expected to know about gentlefolk. Odd, how many of the present-day writers come from quite—well, *common* stock." Music she knew very little about ; she liked nice singing, so long as there was nothing theatrical ; but on pictures she was better informed, because her husband had made a little collection—" so far as our means would allow "—of early Italian masters ; such *beautiful* madonnas, " unfortunately sold for much below their value after his death."

The *thé dansant* was breaking up ; mothers were reclaiming their daughters, young men, glancing surreptitiously at their wrist watches, were planning to escape for the rest of the evening from such restricting society ; a few emancipated young married couples passed downstairs to the cocktail bar, that innovation which still provides more embarrassment than enjoyment for young Spain. Beyond the swing door of the lounge the sky was the colour of the dark Spanish lavender, and prickling with large stars.

" Please," said Mrs. Bennett, " will you call the waiter ? "

I did so, wondering whether she would consider our conversation sufficient justification for my settling her bill as well as mine. A curious coolness seemed to have descended upon me, which I was loth to disturb : as though a breath from the English downs had blown across the mountains. I felt as though I had enjoyed an interlude in an English garden, and half regretful and half angry, I found myself homesick for scenes which I had believed myself to have lost the desire ever to visit again. Had she been young and beautiful, with that blonde English beauty which is considered so disturbing in Spain, I could not have felt half so regretful as I did at the prospect of parting with Mrs. Bennett, who carried in the folds of her dim gown the whole epitome of England.

As the waiter came over I noticed that he gave the pair of us an odd look ; but accustomed as I had grown to the mystification of Spaniards before the freedoms of British manners, I did

not allow myself to be ruffled, as, a few years previously, I might have done. If he chose to imagine an incipient liaison between two highly respectable and elderly Britishers, he was at liberty to do so ; it struck me as a pity that Mrs. Bennett and I were not upon terms which permitted my sharing the joke with her.

She, meanwhile, was feeling in her good little shabby bag to pay the bill, and presently she brought out a hundred peseta note, which gave me the opportunity I was seeking.

" Please let me settle this."

" Oh no, thank you." She asked the waiter, in tolerable Spanish, if he could change the note, and I intercepted his reply by holding out the small change for both our accounts. " Why not ? " I said, interrupting her protest. " You don't want to be weighed down with a bagful of duros."

She made some conventional and cool acknowledgment, and began to put on her gloves. Again the phantasmagoric feeling came over me, as the thin stuff slipped over her neat, elderly hands ; I noticed that one of the fingers had been mended. I felt that those gloves were the most incredible things I had ever seen.

Mrs. Bennett gathered her newspaper and her bag together, and rose. Against the mock-Arabic decoration of the lounge her short, self-possessed figure struck a note of fantasia. The Armada had broken from its moorings and departed ; we were alone, save for the waiter, watching from a discreet distance.

She was again fumbling in her bag, and no word had been spoken between us about another meeting. Why should there be ? We were sober, elderly people, not young romantics ; we had our own ties, our own circles of friends, to which, at our ages, one does not lightly add another name. I did not know hers, nor she mine, until she took from her bag a visiting card, which she held, hesitantly for a little while in her fingers before giving it to me.

" You are living alone in Sevilla ? " she inquired : and it was the first direct and personal inquiry which had passed between us. With it a new note seemed to enter into our conversation. The look she gave me puzzled me ; it was as though her whole expression had changed, had hardened. She seemed, for the first time, to be taking stock of me, as I admitted I was alone.

I was on my guard, however, for I could feel a change also in our relationship.

It was then she laid in my hands the clue to the black cotton gloves, the little meek hat, and quietly respectable outfit. The name on the card was not Mrs. Bennett, and the address, which I saw at a glance, carried a certain significance in Sevilla, as similar addresses carry in other towns.

"A man of your temperament must feel very dull at times," she said, with a briskness that had been lacking in all her former conversation. "I'll be very pleased to give you tea one afternoon, if you like to give me a ring on the telephone. And I can promise to have some *very* nice girls to amuse you."

With her air of a waiting woman at the Victorian court she crossed the lounge: neat, confident, genteelly shabby, with virtue in her step. Across the lounge the waiter caught my eye. He did not exactly wink at me. . . .

SPANISH KALEIDOSCOPE: A BACKGROUND

By Dr. Walter Starkie

TO one who has spent many years vagabonding through Spain, the present tragic conflict seems like an appalling nightmare. Every day the descriptions of battles, burnings, lootings, assassinations, torture the mind. As a contrast, before one's eyes there follow in unceasing sequence scenes of Spain in years of peace—Spain the paradise of the wanderer.

As I look back over the past sixteen years, I think, first of all, of a little Chapel in the Cathedral at Burgos where hangs on the Cross the famous Christ of Agony. And that figure on the Cross is said to be covered with human skin and to possess real hair and nails and real thorns in the Crown on its head. The bleeding wounds have been so well imitated by the artist that it is believed that the statue bleeds and the flesh sweats. They even say that it has to be shaven and have its nails cut from time to time. That Cross has always been an object of profound cult in Spain. It represents the cult of Christ in agony before death who cries out " Consummatum est." Agony is struggle, and Christ dying upon the Cross brings struggle, not peace. When I think of that Christ, I think of one of Spain's great thinkers of modern days, Miguel Unamuno, the author of one of the profoundest books on Spain, *The Tragic Sense of Life*.

I remember Unamuno at Salamanca in 1921 when Spain was at peace and there seemed to be prosperity in the country. But Unamuno was never weary of proclaiming the significance of death, of blood, of Don Quixote as the highest symbol of man. In appearance, the philosopher resembled an oak tree with an owl's head. There were no graces or adornment in his personal appearance, and if I had put him into a rough smock and given him an ash-plant you would swear that he was one of the rugged white-bearded mountaineers of Biscay, were it not for his strange

owl eyes which are those of a soothsayer. It was no wonder that Count Keyserling called Unamuno " the living Spaniard of most importance to Europe." Unamuno, with his peering owl-like eyes, represents the ceaseless restlessness of the Spanish spirit. Man is more divine the greater capacity he has for suffering. And so, says Unamuno, the life of a true Christian should be agony as in those tragic crucifixes.

It was Unamuno who proclaimed his doctrine of Spanish Quixotism, calling it the despairing struggle of the Middle Ages against the Renaissance. With Unamuno as a guide we begin to understand some of the eternal paradoxes of Spain. A French writer has said of him : " Here is the agony of Unamuno, wrestler, wrestling with himself, with his people, against his people. The man of war, hostile, fratricide, tribune without a party, solitary exile, preaching in the desert, provocative, vain, pessimistic, paradoxical, torn to bits between life and death, invincible, yet always vanquished.

When I met Unamuno in 1928, he had been exiled, and I had walked up and down with him along the road near the Spanish Frontier, and he had said : " I am waiting here at the gates of Spain : waiting until the Monarchy falls . . ." In 1928 an exile ; in 1931 a victor—a victor acclaimed by all. He returned in triumph to Madrid after the establishment of the Republic.

And, once again, I remember Unamuno after the beginning of this tragic war when he had said at Salamanca the famous words : " Every day I pass the statue of Fray Luis de León, who raised his hand in token of the brotherhood of man, but not the clenched fist of class hatred." It was natural that such a man should declare himself on the side of Christianity and tradition against barbarism.

The significance of this war will be understood when we realize that once again in the Iberian Peninsula the battle of two ideologies is being fought out in all its pitilessness ; and to understand the course of events we should go back to the Middle Ages when Spain was the bulwark of all Western Christianity against the Orient.

For years past, in wandering through Spain, north and south, and living the life of a minstrel, I had felt as if I was fiddling while Rome was burning. In every village I could feel the sense

of agony and tension. Events seem to go from one reaction to another. In the north of Spain among the Basques, who are intensely religious, the anti-religious policy of the Government caused a reaction which produced such incidents as the famous Visions of Ezquioga. Ezquioga was a tiny village in the Guipuzcoan mountains where two little children said they had seen the Virgin Mary. Thousands came from all over the Basque and Navarre Provinces, and even from far-off Burgos, to take part in the nightly prayers on the hill. When I visited Ezquioga there were 60,000 people praying on the hills at night. One after another, visionaries would be carried unconscious down the hill and into the cottages of the village. When they recovered consciousness they would describe their visions. Our Lady had spoken to them ; she was surrounded by Angels dressed in white and blue and with swords drawn. Saint Michael the Archangel was standing by holding a sword dripping with blood, and every visionary told the same tale that there would be war between the Catholics and the non-Catholics. At first, the Catholics would suffer severely and lose many men, but ultimately they would triumph with the help of the angels and Our Lady.

Amongst this crowd of visionaries there were many eager young men from the Basque Province and Navarre who would say to me : " We are soldiers and we have fought in the Morocco campaign ; but we shall be overjoyed to draw our swords again in such a glorious cause as that of our religion."

These events at Ezquioga took place in 1931, three months after the Declaration of the Republic. These eager young men of the Catholic Action in Navarre have been in the forefront of the battles round Irun and San Sebastian.

Let us take another side of the picture. As far back as 1931, when I wandered through the small villages of Castile and La Mancha, I found many traces of another spirit entirely in antithesis to the one I have described. Among the tavern audience there would always be a young Communist whose ideas were in contrast to those of the rest. Let me describe one whom I met in a small Castilian town. He was a good-looking young man, dressed in a jaunty-smartness, wearing a red tie. He knew a little French, for he considered it the best language for international relations. I then found out that he was responsible

for spreading the light of Communism in the small village. He had spent some years in France where he had been initiated into the doctrines of Lenin. When the Revolution had broken out in Spain he had returned to his native village to devote himself to the new Gospel. Little by little, he tried to spread his theories. An up-hill task it was, for the folk in Castile have always been slow-thinking and slow-moving. " Yes, comrades," he said, " we need a volcanic eruption to blow the world sky-high." The most violent hatred was openly expressed by such a young man against the Church and the priests. " Religion is the opium of the masses ; Spain has always been too tolerant with the black soutane. Why should any priests exist in the modern state ? What are they but drones and parasites preying on the workers ? The soutane is the badge of those who have been denied the rights and privileges of manhood." And then he would end up with excited words : " The Revolution of April did next to nothing ; it was just a ripple on the water—a feast without wine. What did the workers get but tantalizing promises ? Spain exchanged one set of capitalists for another. No, comrade, the true Revolution must yet come."

To-day there is a band of young men ready to devote their lives to the ideals of Communism. It is not enough to give personal service : one must also spread the doctrine ; one must be prepared to live one's life out in the wilds and spread the influence among the ignorant masses.

One of the most interesting revolutionary types I met was at Granada where, in a tavern, I made friends with a strange wreck of a man called Francisco Borrachera. He seemed to me characteristic of the paradox that you find in so many Spaniards. When I met him he was improvising a *saeta* or arrow of song with all the gusto of a civilian devotee of Holy Week. As soon as he had finished his song he cursed religions and exclaimed against the failure of the Revolution in 1931. " We Socialists were all fools then ; we were all out for idealist theories. It was idealism which prompted us to give votes to women—nice fools we were. What was the consequence ? The women went over to the clergy, and we brought back the soutane again." But Borrachera, in spite of his revolutionary utterances, was a religious minstrel in Granada. The nuns would invite him in Holy Week

to sing sacred *coplas* when the statue of Our Lady was carried through the streets.

Communism, however, will not satisfy the revolutionary of the South of Spain. For the last few years, I had heard on all sides in the villages of Andalusia the phrase " Libertarian communism." " What on earth is Libertarian communism ? " said I to one of my companions. " Libertarian communism," said he, " means that everyone may do exactly what he pleases." Libertarian communism is in effect anarchy of the type preached by Bakunin in the nineteenth century. Bakunin was cast out of the International by Karl Marx ; but his theories have taken root in the South of Europe where men have always vaguely longed for a Golden Age of Saturn. During the golden age there was no " meum " and " tuum " and every man loved his neighbour. It was the age of iron that brought money, capitalism, churches, difference of class, and all the hierarchy of civilization which has destroyed the purity of man and created a society based upon the slave-worker. Communists insist that the State shall be supreme and men shall be servants of that State. The anarchists insist that all the remnants of the old order shall be burnt out. " We must destroy all the selfish past," they cry, " and, from its ashes, a new world will arise."

In going from village to village, I met many of the anarchist type ; charming people they were : vague, mystical, sensitive, with all the passion of an ecstatic in their utterances.

As a result of my experiences, I felt profoundly convinced that if the Communists were to win this war they would not be masters of the situation, for they would have to fight another war against the anarchists whose opinions are so diametrically opposed to theirs.

When we look back over the history of Spain, we find that it is a history of great individuals. The mass of the people have always acted blindly and on impulse ; whereas other countries, such as England, evolved a colonial system which drew its strength from educated minorities : in Spain it was the mass of the people which acted blindly and unconsciously. In the Middle Ages in England, when the larder was becoming bare, the wife of an English baron would serve up at the banquet upon the platter a spur as a gentle hint that it was now time for her noble lord to

go off to the Continent to conquer fresh food. The British Empire grew as a movement of educated minorities such as the Puritans who set out in the " Mayflower " to create a new system in far-off America. In France as a result of feudalism there grew up a minority of barons who created a state of tension between themselves and the Monarchy. In Spain when Columbus discovered America, in the same year as the capture of that last stronghold of the Moors, Granada, the mass of the people rushed out in quest of the gold of the New World. The population of the South of Spain dropped by half within a hundred years of the discovery of America, and all the theories of agricultural and economic reform proposed by the greatest Queen in Spanish history were left unaccomplished. Many Spaniards cry out the tragic refrain : " Why has the will of Queen Isabella of Castile never been carried out ? " Spanish statecraft consisted above all in combining the two great international policies which existed in the sixteenth century in the Peninsula : the Castilian policy of Queen Isabella directed towards Africa and Central Europe ; the Aragonese policy towards the Mediterranean. As a result of the alliance between the Lion (Queen Isabella) and the Fox (King Ferdinand) for the first time in history an attempt was made to create a *Weltpolitik*. Spanish power rose rapidly as a gesture towards world domination.

Throughout the reign of Charles V and the first twenty years of Philip II's reign, the curve rises rapidly ; but soon after 1580 begins the decline that dragged slowly along for centuries. In 1588, the defeat of the Spanish Armada initiated a sad series of disasters. Then came the process of disintegration which has continued ever since : the Netherlands, then the Duchy of Milan, then Naples. Then in the nineteenth century the great provinces crossed the ocean and finally in 1898 the minor colonies in America and the Far East. Finally, after 1900, when Spain was reduced to its peninsula and Morocco, the cry of Regionalism, Separatism arose from within the country.

When we consider all these problems of Spanish history, can we wonder that behind the Government of Burgos are ranged both the Monarchists, the republicans who have a love for order, and the majority of those who follow neither political extreme ? During my wanderings in Spain, I could not find

many traces of Fascism. The Fascists were a very small party created by the son of Primo de Rivera, the Dictator who, although he broke the Constitution, conferred many material benefits on his country. On one occasion when I spoke with Primo in Madrid he said with a laughing gesture : " I have power in Spain because I am a Dictator with a sense of humour. Even the cab-drivers in Madrid call me Miguelito." Primo de Rivera was a good-natured Andalusian. He came from the town of Jérez de la Frontera, the city of wine, good humour, and the *juerga*, or spree. He was an excellent soldier with a soldier's acceptance of his destiny. People even called him a Sancho Panza as though he were the personification of common sense—that spirit of *casticismo* which we find in Andalusian as well as Manchegan. It was the downfall of Primo de Rivera that precipitated events ; and it was with a sense of tragedy that we saw him driven out of Spain to die of a broken heart in a Parisian garret.

This war has brought out all the racial spirit of the Spanish people. To find a parallel to the heroic defence of the Alcazar of Toledo we have to go back to Livy's account of the sacking of Saguntum by Hannibal or else to the siege of Saragossa in 1808 by the French when Our Lady of Pilar was transformed by the Aragonese into the captain of their troops. In this war all military theories have fallen to the ground. Forts of medieval times resist the bombardment of modern artillery ; battles continue with unabated ferocity even after all the officers have been captured. No place surrenders as long as men and women have arms to defend it. Who can foreshadow the future ? If, as seems likely, the troops of General Franco win the war, they cannot go back to the ancient Spain and attempt to set up a State of the old-fashioned type. They must create a new programme for a country that has suffered so deeply. They will have to broaden their scope and admit into the ranks all those who will work in a great modern movement of regeneration of Spain.

BELGIUM'S NEW POLICY

By Betty Barzin

FOR many years past Belgium had drifted into the background of European politics. No one seemed interested in a country which enjoyed internal peace and whose sole aim in her foreign policy was the closest possible understanding with her Allies of the Great War. Lately, however, Belgium has suddenly come into the limelight for a double reason : the King of the Belgians delivered an address the tenor of which may bring about unexpected changes in the political outlook of Western Europe, and further, an internal movement was set on foot which, to the outside world at any rate, seemed the foretaste of another of those political upheavals characteristic of the Europe of today. Since King Leopold's sensational statement was largely the outcome of internal problems it would seem logical to deal first with Belgian home affairs, and more particularly with the uneasiness caused by the Rexist movement.

Belgian elections took place in May last. The usual dullness of an electioneering campaign fought on the basis of complete proportional representation was relieved by the advent of a new party whose propaganda methods were unexpectedly violent. It was a one-man campaign, and the one man, M. Léon Degrelle, made it clear from the start that he did not personally wish to fight for a seat. For some years, M. Degrelle had headed the Rexist movement, which was originally of a politico-religious nature. " Rex " stood for " Christus-Rex," unconditional purity among Catholic politicians, and total abstention from politics on the part of every member of the Catholic clergy. This in itself was worthy of approval, for it cannot be denied that internal friction in Belgium has often been due to the immixture of religious authorities in politics. In the months which immediately preceded the May elections, M. Degrelle went further. He very cleverly improved the opportunity given him by the

general discontent prevailing in a country where year after year of economic crisis had broken the spirits of many. M. Degrelle claimed that the crisis would have been solved a long time ago had there been no profiteering, no hoarding by unscrupulous bankers working hand in hand with equally unscrupulous politicians ; that the Rexists fought for political cleanliness and would rid the country of every form of corruption. Through his own press organ he began a campaign of direct attacks on various leading personalities. These attacks entailed many lawsuits—at the present moment M. Degrelle has roughly two hundred cases to fight !—the most important of which was won by M. Degrelle a few days before the elections. His winning of the case, brought against one of the oldest leaders of the Belgian Catholic Party, was a triumph for M. Degrelle and at the same time a very serious blow to the Catholics. Twenty-one Rexists were returned in the elections, and of the 220,000 votes given to M. Degrelle's friends, the greater majority emanated from Catholic circles, which had voted Catholic since the very existence of independent Belgium.

So much for the first act of the Rexist play. When the curtain rose on the second act, Rex's supporters discovered that their idol had no constructive programme whatsoever. Moreover, the Rexist parliamentarians have no striking personality, and their long-awaited interventions in Parliament, where their electors expected them to work wonders, were utterly insignificant. It became gradually clear that the Rexist movement had fallen from the heights of purity to the lowlands of M. Degrelle's personal ambition, and that the Rexist policy was one of plain opportunism. The Rex party began by slandering the Government and by deliberately misinterpreting every economic achievement of the Van Zeeland Ministry. This particular form of the Rexist " programme " has been maintained to this day.

During the strikes this summer, M. Degrelle did nothing to uphold law and order. On the contrary, he argued that the " banksters " (his nickname for financial and industrial magnates) were, by their greed, undermining the very life of the people of Belgium. Later on, however, when, thanks to active intervention and sound new legislation, the labour conflicts had

subsided, M. Degrelle, noticing the great fear of Communism prevalent in the country, disclosed a new credo : " Beware of Communism ! Follow me ! I will save the country from the Communist danger which the Government is unable to avoid." Rex had at last touched upon something very real : the terror of Communism in a country where the lower middle-classes, and even many thousands of workmen, own sufficient wealth to feel determined to fight for it. The Van Zeeland Cabinet consists of a coalition of Catholics, Liberals and Socialists. The latter are particularly well represented. M. Degrelle argues that every Socialist adheres to Marxist theories and is thus a potential factor of Communism ; and that consequently any Ministry relying on Socialists must necessarily drive the country to ruin.

In order to find adequate support, M. Degrelle launched his campaign in certain specific directions. First of all he turned to small shopkeepers. When one recalls that in Belgium there is one small shop to every thirty-seven inhabitants, one will understand why the Government has so rapidly agreed to a provisional prohibition of any new chain stores. On that point, Rex has undoubtedly scored, and unless anything unforeseen happens, shopkeepers will remain true to the Rexist creed.

M. Degrelle's next move was to secure support in the Flemish part of the country, where, being a Walloon, he had met with considerable opposition. All he was able to do in that direction was to come to some mysterious understanding with the Belgian *Frontpartij*, a group of sixteen Flemish Nationalists whose origin may be traced to the policy of separatism pursued in Belgium by the German authorities during the Occupation. Needless to say the activities of these Flemish separatists are despised by the major part of the Belgian population, who generally refer to the party plainly as " traitors." M. Degrelle's move upset many good Belgians, not only in the Walloon provinces, but also in Brussels and in the Flemish part of the country, and one cannot help feeling that, had the Government seized this psychological opportunity and not interfered, the Rexists would have lost a great number of adherents. But the Government had embarked upon an anti-extremist crusade and was already moving too swiftly for any brake to act.

It has been rumoured that M. Degrelle is in touch with Nazi

leaders. It has even been asserted that part at any rate of his expensive propaganda is paid for by Berlin. There is no tangible evidence to substantiate such a suggestion. There are many sources from which Rex may draw money. M. Degrelle's numerous public meetings attract enormous audiences. He is an orator of exceptional talent, and the " Rex-Appeal " is so strong that many anti-Rexists go to hear him as though they were attending a concert or a theatrical performance and pay for their seats. Hence, every one of his political meetings brings in, instead of costing, money. Furthermore, many of his supporters contribute to the Party Fund. And, last but not least, some of his most bitter opponents take out an insurance policy to safeguard their future (as was done in Italy and Germany also), in the form of financial gifts to a party they fear !

Although no material link between Rex and the Nazis has been traced, certain spiritual ties cannot fail to be noticed. M. Degrelle's very propaganda is carried out on Nazi lines ; the meetings are staged with a Nazi *mise en scène*, the very word " dictatorship " is forbidden and replaced by " Leader of the people," " popular movement," etc. ; the Flemish Nationalists, the first political group to be approached with a view to common action, happen to be the only group in Belgium which sympathizes with Nazi Germany ; and, above all, the outcry against Communism has coincided with the recurrence of the anti-Soviet campaign in Germany. From the point of view of foreign policy, M. Degrelle has repeatedly expressed his deep conviction that Adolf Hitler is out for peace and understanding with Belgium ; that the League of Nations, in its present form, should be abandoned by Belgium ; that the first act of his Government (for M. Degrelle talks very frequently of his imminent advent to power) shall be the recognition of the annexation of Abyssinia by Italy ; that France, in its present form, is a danger to the European community. In other words, he views foreign policy from an angle which is curiously similar to the German standpoint.

An even stronger indication of the fact that the Rexist leader sees eye to eye with Nazi Germany is his repeated reference to a " Union of regenerated Continental Powers " which should be built on a strong economic and colonial understanding.

Needless to say that the German press views M. Degrelle's activities with considerable favour.

It is difficult to express an opinion as to M. Degrelle's present strength in the country. The Prime Minister certainly appears to consider him dangerous, and has taken the lead in a national campaign against Rex, in line with a struggle against Communism. The policy of the Cabinet is a very simple one : " We have stood this nonsense long enough. We are going to tell the people what we have achieved in the realm of economic revival and social legislation. Moreover, we shall explain to our countrymen why Belgium is unsuitable soil for extremist activities, whether of the Right or of the Left." This very sound policy has been endorsed by numerous leaders of all parties, and present, past and future Cabinet Ministers are touring the country to preach the gospel of National Unity against extremists. It is more than an ordinary political campaign. And every Belgian feels that the issue at stake is the very life of the nation.

A sound observer cannot help wondering why matters have ever reached the present pitch. Belgium has emerged from the world crisis more rapidly than any of its neighbours. The much criticized devaluation of the Belgian franc would have had to be resorted to simultaneously with that of other currencies a few weeks ago, and the fact that it took place in March, 1935, has undoubtedly helped towards the economic recovery of Belgium. Belgian unemployment has been reduced by more than 65 per cent. Belgian agriculture, after being down and out, now boasts of a revenue nearly five times as large as its cost of production. The Government's control over the rise in prices has benefited the purchasing power of the public almost as much as did the increase in wages. Recent history has taught us that Communism or dictatorship is the natural consequence of economic ruin. There is no economic ruin in Belgium, and thus the main reason for the success of any extremist venture is absent.

There is even more to be said : no pauperism exists in Belgium. The Belgian workman is industrious, thrifty, and remarkably sensible. He does not drink, he does not gamble. From early youth he carries the conviction that a decent man should own the house he lives in or the plot of land he works on, and should

give his children a better education than that he received himself. In spite of Communist propaganda, the Belgian working class continues to live up to its ideal, and the Belgian workman, far from being a potential Communist, is a potential bourgeois.

The anti-Communist campaign of the Government, therefore, should prove a comparatively easy one. The Rexist danger, however, may be somewhat more difficult to meet, in view of the fact that M. Degrelle is surrounded by very young men who are living in a strange atmosphere of collective hysteria, and in whom social and political ambitions are growing with dangerous swiftness. These young men will be given a vote within the next two or three years, and unless something drastic is done to bring them round towards sound citizenship, the next election may see some upheavals. Viewed from that angle, the Government campaign is certainly justified. Every friend of Belgium will wish to see its traditional common sense get the upper hand in a struggle which, although mainly due to outside influences, is none the less very serious.

Fear of Communism has not only caused a change in the internal affairs of Belgium, but has also indirectly affected its foreign policy. King Leopold's sensational speech last October took Europe by surprise. Yet, had Europe followed the evolution of Belgian opinion more closely, the King's speech would have seemed nothing but the logical outcome of the succession of events—both national and international—since the War. Belgium had spontaneously and wholeheartedly given up its pre-War neutral status to join the Allied Block. It had full confidence in the Allied promise that all its losses would be made good. It would be useless to dwell here on the succession of disappointments as far as the payment of reparations was concerned. Belgium very sincerely hoped to reach a military agreement with Great Britain. Its hopes in that direction were shattered by Britain's definite refusal to enter into any alliance whatsoever. Belgium fully relied on the Geneva Covenant, but the repeated failures of the League of Nations undermined its confidence. Belgium had trusted the Locarno Treaty. Again its faith was shattered. The reoccupation of the demilitarized Rhineland zone by German troops caused such bitterness in Belgium that

a change of foreign policy became unavoidable. As M. van Zeeland very rightly pointed out at the London Conference in March, the German argument that France, by signing the Soviet Pact, had been the first to break the Locarno Convention had no bearing whatsoever upon the specific position of Belgium. Belgium was no party to the Soviet Treaty, and the German danger on Belgium's Eastern frontier was tangible and immediate, whereas the Russian danger on the German Eastern frontier could scarcely be considered as such.

France and Belgium had, shortly after the War, signed a military agreement, the text of which, though secret, had been registered at Geneva. Since its very conception, this treaty had been distasteful to the Flemings, who fought unceasingly against it. In addition to their dislike of France because of the anti-Catholic trend of the French Republican regime, the Flemings had accumulated a series of grievances of a purely economic nature, among others the continuous harm done to the Flemish port of Antwerp, and, rightly or wrongly, they accuse French cultural propaganda of being responsible for the imaginary crushing of the development of Flemish culture in Belgium. To them, a military alliance with France has always meant political penetration, and they did everything they could to undermine the agreement. They would perhaps never have succeeded, had it not been for the growth of Communism in France. But the fear of Communist contagion is so great in Belgium that even the staunchest supporters of France decided recently that it was time to sever the connection with their southern neighbour. As long as the Locarno Pact stood, however, the total breach with France seemed an utter impossibility. After the German move on March 7th, it became unavoidable.

The break in Franco-Belgian relations has been quite wrongly interpreted as meaning a *rapprochement* with Germany. Belgium remembers the War as no other country does. Its trust in Germany was too severely shaken in 1914 to be recovered for many years to come. That distrust has increased since the advent of the Nazi regime, and although the Führer's crusade against Bolshevism awakens sympathy among many Belgians, an alliance with Germany is utterly unthinkable.

Since an agreement with England seemed unattainable, the

alliance with France dangerous, and an understanding with Germany out of the question, all there remained was to pursue a policy of utter independence. Long before the King's speech, such a policy had been outlined by the Belgian Foreign Minister, and definitely confirmed by M. van Zeeland. But international opinion failed to understand. In Germany, the Belgian official utterances were wilfully misinterpreted, and in France, one writer went as far as to use the word " treachery " when commenting upon King Leopold's speech. It has been suggested that the Royal message meant immediate repudiation of all existing agreements. This is, in fact, M. Degrelle's interpretation. But why accept the Rexist version and overlook the real meaning of the King's words ? As has been solemnly stated in the Belgian Parliament, the King's speech is merely an indication of future policy. On the eve of a new Locarno Conference—which may never take place—Belgium wishes to indicate openly the attitude which it will adopt. There are to be no further ties. Belgium is prepared to assume the full defence of its territory. The new policy is not a return to the pre-war neutrality which entitled Belgium to content herself with a limited resistance—Belgium did not avail itself of that privilege and thus earned the respect of the whole world ; the new status means unconditional war against any invader of Belgian territory. Such a policy obviously requires adequate military strength. This is where we return to internal affairs.

A mixed military and Parliamentary Commission was entrusted some months ago with the drawing up of a new military status, in anticipation of the adoption of the new foreign policy outlined above. The work of the Commission is finished and the new Army Bill is now before the House and will probably be passed before these lines appear in print. It was known that in Flemish circles the provisions of the Bill were meeting with some adverse criticism, and that the Rexists were determined to fight against it. There seemed but one way to rally complete support, and that was to proclaim solemnly that the new Army status was destined solely for the protection of Belgium ; that Belgium was nobody's friend and nobody's ally. It was further felt that one man only would be listened to with complete confidence on such vital issues : the King. Hence the Royal speech. It was

a wise move, for no Belgian party will ever wish to bear the responsibility of a refusal to defend the country.

Whereas the majority of Belgians agree on the new foreign policy as a whole, there may be some difficulties ahead as to the manner in which it shall be carried out. Until now, the only Belgian frontier which seemed to need defence was the Eastern, i.e., on the German side. Since the new policy proclaims complete frontier defence, certain Flemish mischief-makers, backed by the Rexists, argue that the Southern frontier, on the French side, cannot be left uncovered. The very notion of an organized defence on the French frontier causes the Walloons to rise in angry protest. Every serious-minded Belgian shares this anger, for the possibility of an aggression by France is too remote to be worth a second's consideration. Nevertheless, the question may arise in a more acute form sooner or later and bring about a heavy, although unnecessary, financial burden, not to speak of further internal difficulties.

King Leopold has made another statement, destined solely for his countrymen, warning them of the danger of internal friction, and calling on all parties to recover the traditional Belgian common sense, to work on lines of national unity, and to avoid every action of an extremist nature. A speech from the Throne is a rare occurrence in Belgium, and such a step has hitherto been resorted to only on an issue of vital importance to the nation. It is to be hoped that the Royal words will bear fruit.

THE EDUCATION OF BAEDEKER

By Francis Watson

IN the library of the Alpine Club in Savile Row there is suitably preserved a copy of Karl Baedeker's guide to Switzerland, published at Koblenz in 1844, three years after the first issue of *Punch*. It antedates Edward Whymper's classic *Scrambles Amongst the Alps* by over a quarter of a century, and though the question of Baedeker's debt to John Murray's guides (which Karl himself amiably acknowledged) is still hotly disputed, there can be no doubt that, as far as Switzerland was concerned, the German was in at the start. But whether Baedeker invented Tourism or Tourism invented Baedeker is an academic point unworthy of the attention of the devout traveller.

The Guide to *Switzerland*, though perhaps the most famous, was not the earliest of Baedeker's handbooks. The firm was founded in 1827 in Essen, Karl's birthplace, and shortly moved to Koblenz, where the first publication, the *Rheinreise*, appeared in or about 1830. In date, in title-page, and in tone it proclaims itself a neglected contribution to the Romantic movement, but we cannot here examine it as it deserves. Karl I died in 1859, at the age of fifty-eight, and his son Fritz continued the business on more ambitious lines in Leipzig. Karl's imprint still appeared on the guides, but to the regions which he had chartered with laborious personal attention and strict integrity (" Hotels which cannot be accurately characterized without exposing the editor to the risk of legal proceedings are left unmentioned ") were added wider tracts no less carefully covered by a various band of specialists. Greece, the Balkans, Russia, Egypt, India, at last Canada and the U.S.A., were opened up to the observant tourist. Foreign writers were added to the staff (among them Findlay Muirhead, later compiler of the *Blue Guides*), and the plump red books came out in French and English translations.

Karl II, elder brother of Fritz, contracted sunstroke in the selfless discharge of his duties in Egypt, and had to retire. Fritz's son, Karl III, became a Professor at Jena and was killed

in the early days of the war. Fritz himself survived to see the fortunes of the firm recovering after the four years' interruption to peaceable travel, dying only in 1925. Hans, Ernst and Dietrich, three brothers, continue the Baedeker name and tradition, and they take us now (by air if we prefer it) to Czechoslovakia, to Yugoslavia, to Latvia, countries whose names Karl I had never heard of. His maps have been re-drawn to admit such things as Polish Corridors, and his successors steer one through blocked exchanges as he once unfolded the mysteries of Italian local currency. And yet, for all that, Karl Baedeker remains deathless and indivisible, as secure as Shakespeare and Homer from the theorists who produce "ghosts" and collaborators. Of the mortality of individual investigators we need take no more heed than of the biographies of Chinese potters. It is Sung, it is Baedeker, it is enough.

We may adopt as our portrait of this indestructible figure the authentic likeness of Karl I as it has been preserved for us. Broad-shouldered and commanding of person, he wears a long black coat with silk lapels and a neat black cravat. His upper lip is clean-shaven, but his face is framed in a fringe of dark hair. His glance is bold, though like Ben Jonson he has one eye slightly lower than the other. For the rest we must use our fancy, and first of all it is to be noted that, like Napoleon, he is an insomniac. Far into the night, after a long day's exploration and a minute survey of the hotel's amenities, he must sit in his bedroom filling up his notebooks. But he wakes early to record that the finest view is obtained shortly after sunrise. Even those few hours of sleep are sometimes disturbed and, lighting a candle, he searches diligently for the cause. It is in Southern Italy and he has found a flea, or possibly some yet more fearsome insect. He erases the star which he had formerly awarded to the hostelry and examines the bed. As he had guessed, the frame is of wood. He opens his bag, shakes a little powder over the bed, and sits down to write again before blowing out the candle. No bitterness, no sarcasm, simply this: "Iron bedsteads should if possible be selected, as affording less accommodation to the active class so hostile to repose. Insect-powder (*polvere di Persia* or Keating's) or camphor somewhat repels their advances."

His days are too full to follow, and in any case he prefers to travel alone. Above all, he wants no women about him. Ladies may travel where they wish, and he will advise them as far as delicacy permits upon their outfit. But the special measures required to preserve their moral and physical safety absorb time and trouble that might be better spent. Among the London music-halls, even in 1930, "ladies may visit the better-class establishments without fear," but the public-houses (or taverns) of the capital "may be patronized by the less conventional traveller, but not, of course, by ladies." Baedeker's chivalry is not in question, but frankly he would rather be unaccompanied.

We should recognize him if we met him—turning up the carpet in the Royal Palace at Amsterdam to discover "a representation of the firmament, inlaid in copper"; descending at a happy jog-trot the paved path ("steep and shadeless") to Oronco to engage one of the sixty-five beds in the *Alberghe del Riposo*; turning, a little breathless, from "the exuberant spirit of Rubens" to the "not unpleasant contrast . . . afforded by the refined, almost frigid repose of Van Dyck."

Notice also how open-handed is our guide with his drinks and smokes. "Among the Swiss mountains the judicious traveller knows well when to make the tender of his cigar-case or spirit-flask." He naturally expects in the recipient, however, the attitude of a gentleman, and is compelled to note that in Southern Italy "such manifestations are only calculated to awaken a further spirit of cupidity and discontent." This severity is an essential trait of Baedeker's character. It derives rather from his German pertinacity, his conscientious determination to make straight the way of his readers, than from any crotchety disposition.

In a gentler mood, soothed by his cigar after a pleasant meal in a Belgian restaurant, he will observe that "the waiter's arithmetic is occasionally at fault," and even so mild a reproof is not without its effect. Generations of well-Baedekered travellers, firmly correcting the arithmetic of waiters, have substantially checked the practice of over-charging where it existed. No revivalist has done more than Karl Baedeker to promote honesty of dealing with strangers. In his catalogue of virtues it ranks next to cleanliness, and the intransigence

with which he demanded to be shown the tariff and to examine the sanitation places more timid travellers in his eternal debt.

Yet strength of character and inflexibility of purpose are with Baedeker wedded to a most admirable ability to change his mind. He is never too proud to admit that he has been mistaken in the value of a monument, that taste changes, that the rebel artist of yesterday may be the staid conservative of tomorrow. When the Maria-Theresa memorial was set up in Vienna in 1888, it seemed exciting enough to deserve a star. Thirty years later it has begun to pall, and the star is removed. The mark of distinction is also given in 1896 to the Austrian Army Museum, " erected by Hansen in a rich Romanesque style," with its " superb vestibule." In 1929 it has become a starless building " of a mixed Romano-Byzantine style," and its vestibule, that petrified forest of military effigies, is just a vestibule.

More striking still is Baedeker's reflection of the emergence from disgrace, under the influence of such pioneers as Gurlitt, Wölflinn and Schmarzov, of the baroque and rococo styles of architecture. The Zwinger at Dresden, suspected in 1877 of rococo leanings (" In some of its features the style of the Zwinger is ' rococo,' but in the main it is a baroque edifice, and is one of the most pleasing examples of that style"), reaches its apotheosis in 1925 : " Its happy proportions, distribution of bulk, and profusion of figures of Greek deities, fauns, vases, escutcheons and garlands render this building the most brilliant and graceful embodiment of the baroque style in Germany." Ten years later the Amalienburg, near Munich, not even mentioned in 1861, receives the coveted award of two stars as " the most complete expression achieved by the rococo style in the category of princely pleasure-palaces." Schönbrunn in 1896 is already decorated with a star, but in 1929 it has acquired two. Sanssouci is in 1877 " a building of one story," in 1923 " a striking building of one story," and in 1925 " a beautiful rococo building of one story."

Such instances might be multiplied, though of recent years a certain caution has crept into Baedeker's writing, and he is no longer so ready to pass a judgment which he may later have to reverse. Thus Epstein's " Rima " in Hyde Park is characterized simply as " much discussed," a euphemism sufficiently familiar in publishers' announcements, but one which the

earlier Baedeker would have scorned to employ. Nor is this the only change. The delicate reference of 1872 to "the tribe so hostile to repose" has by 1930 been brutalized into: "Fleas (*pulci*) are most troublesome in spring and summer; bed-bugs (*cimici*) are rare."

But though we now make bold to call a flea a flea, we have been taught reticence in other respects. National pride has in many countries become exceedingly sensitive, and we who in the good old days of Palmerston stalked about Europe with calm superiority have learned to respect it. We are very careful, most of us, not to annoy the natives. Vanished is the lofty style wherewith in 1872 Baedeker could declare that "the doubt not unfrequently presents itself to the traveller's mind whether such a thing as honesty is known in Italy." In its place we are warned that "the traveller in a foreign country should do his best to win its respect and friendship for the nation which he represents, by his tact and reserve, and by refraining from noisy behaviour and contemptuous remarks (in public buildings, hotels, etc.), and especially from airing his political views." Even our dress is no longer entirely in our choice. "The Englishman's customary holiday attire of rough tweeds, 'plus fours,' etc., is unsuitable for town wear in Italy." Worse still, "the traveller should refrain from taking photographs of beggars, etc." Half a century of tremendous change sounds in the words.

And now, honest patriot that he is (as many examples could show), he is subject to economic conditions and a political theory that tend alike to be unfavourable to a concern built upon principles of internationalism. It may cost as much as £50,000 to produce a Baedeker guide, and now there is the extra expense of revising the street-plans of German towns, removing the *Judengasse* and marking in the *Adolf-Hitler-Platz* and the *Horst-Wessel-Allee*. Moreover, certain countries in which Karl Baedeker was formerly something of a pioneer, are now best left alone. There has been no new edition of *Russia* since 1914, and no new edition of *Palestine* since 1912. Times change, and it would perhaps be impertinent to investigate too closely the political views of one who has surmounted Alps and customs-barriers with such practised agility.

NEW ZEALAND'S SOCIALIST EXPERIMENT

By Donald Cowie

ALMOST exactly a year ago the world learnt that the Dominion of New Zealand, remote in the far Southern Ocean, had elected to office the first Labour Government with full political power in the history of the British Empire. The world paused for a moment, and then, characteristically, passed on to nearer and more pressing matters. Since then there have been occasional newspaper summaries of the legislation passed by the victorious party, but these have occupied obscure positions in columns bursting with more sanguinary things; and there must be remarkably few people in Great Britain who fully appreciate what has been occurring in New Zealand during a momentous year. When I state, therefore, that the New Zealand Labour Party has introduced a political and economic experiment only comparable with that of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, I am open to a charge of deliberate exaggeration by those who have not bothered to keep themselves acquainted with the facts. Yet even an unbeliever will perhaps agree with me, after reading the survey that I propose to make of New Zealand's first year of Labour, that I have not overstated the position, and that recent developments at the Antipodes deserve the serious consideration of every thoughtful person who has the future of the British Commonwealth at heart.

To explain the remarkable victory of the Labour Party at the polls in November, 1935, it is necessary to point out that the Dominion was then smarting under the most rigorous economic discipline that had been applied to her broad agricultural back for years. Prices of primary products during the world slump plumbed the lowest depths of depression. New Zealand depends upon these prices for her prosperity, and New Zealand's national income declined from £150,000,000 in 1928-29 to £90,000,000

in 1932-33. In 1931 a coalition of the Reform and United Parties, roughly Conservative and Liberal, was returned to office under the leadership of Mr. G. W. Forbes, a farmer of the old school, and Mr. J. G. Coates, a farmer of the progressive persuasion.

Faced with the tremendous task of appeasing, on the one hand, an electorate unused to economic hardship, and imposing, on the other, measures of economic retrenchment to meet the fall in income, Messrs. Forbes and Coates did several contradictory and incompatible things. They offered the farmers a bounty by depreciating the New Zealand currency in terms of sterling; but at the same time they increased the farmers' costs by imposing many new forms of, and increasing, taxation. They assisted the farmers by reducing interest rates and suspending mortgages; but they also penalised them by restricting the imports that were the essential corollary of their indispensable export trade.

By November, 1935, Messrs. Forbes and Coates were thoroughly unpopular. They had laid sound plans for New Zealand's economic recovery at such time as export prices should improve, but they had no immediate panacea to offer their smarting electors. A Labour Party that had never held office, but that had had ample opportunity in its years of opposition to organize a deadly electioneering machine, offered an attractive platform. Taxation would be lowered; the exchange rate would be restored to parity with sterling; the farmers would be guaranteed fixed prices for their produce; the workers' lot would be vastly improved; even the manufacturers would have their sop.

The victory was not only the most considerable in the political history of the country; it was final and absolute. Reinforced by a considerable Liberal vote, and by the bulk of the disgruntled farmers, who had hitherto stood behind the Conservatives to a man, the Labour Party secured fifty-three seats in the House of Representatives where before they had occupied only twenty-four. The Coalition's strength was reduced by more than half, and three of its Ministers were unseated. Farmers, business folk, and professional men, but particularly farmers, had evidently joined with artisans and labourers in voting wholeheartedly for a party that promised drastic reorganization of the economic

structure, easy money, and prosperity for all. Everyone pretended that the result was a surprise, but everyone agreed that changes were healthy and it was about time, anyway, that they gave these Labour people a " go."

It is to the credit of the Labour Party, led by a junta of capable and determined, if inexperienced and short-sighted men, that they did not allow themselves to be intimidated by the unprecedented freedom of their mandate. Their reaction to sudden power may be compared with that of the National Government in this country. Without delay they proceeded with their programme. In generous appreciation of their supporters they ordered straightway that £100,000 be distributed in the form of " Christmas bonuses " to the unemployed. Mr. M. J. Savage, the Prime Minister, an Australian by birth, announcing that Ministers of the Crown would in the future share their salaries with private members who could assist them in their work, declared his intention of going on " where Seddon left off." Then, during a short eleven weeks' session, comprising only forty-three actual sitting days, the new Government, hastening procedure by frequent application of the closure, hurried through Parliament no fewer than fifteen public Acts, together with four local Acts empowering municipal bodies to enter upon specified works, and a number of private Acts.

To digest all this legislation in the space of a short article it will be necessary to disregard chronological order. But the most important measure is undoubtedly the Reserve Bank of New Zealand Amendment Act. On the advice of a famous visiting economist Messrs. Forbes and Coates had established the Reserve Bank in 1933 with the object of obtaining better financial accommodation for the Treasury than a semi-private bank, the Bank of New Zealand, had been able to offer. But they had wisely followed the economist's precept to the letter by granting the new institution corporate independence, and by giving it powers, under certain circumstances, to refuse excessive governmental demands. The main effect of the new Labour legislation is to remove this independence and power of veto. Private shareholders are paid off, and the Government is given absolute control of the monetary system. That the Reserve Bank Amendment Act is the keystone of the Labour Government's economic

plan will be apparent when I have completed my review of the remaining legislation.

Next in importance comes the Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Amendment Act. Most people will have heard of the New Zealand arbitration system of fixing hours and wages and settling labour disputes by means of written awards, agreed to by employers and employees in each trade in the presence of a legal tribunal. This system worked with varying success until the advent of Messrs. Forbes and Coates, who, finding that it stood in the way of their deflationary programme, quietly procured its emasculation by the simple process of cancelling the clause of the original Act that made arbitration compulsory. In revenge for this the new Labour legislation not only restores the compulsory principle, but provides for the establishment of a basic wage for all workers, the operation of a forty-hour week wherever practicable, and compulsory unionism in all trades and professions, not excluding bank officers, policemen, and domestic servants. In future all New Zealanders are to be trade unionists. Moreover, for many it will be illegal to work on Saturdays, every worker will be paid for his or her holidays, and union officials will have the legal right to search employers' premises. Amendments to the Factories Act and the Shops and Offices Act insure the smooth establishment of the forty-hour week aforementioned, which, as Mr. Savage has proudly remarked, will place New Zealand in the van of every other nation in the British Commonwealth. Special orders provide for all-round increases in wages and rates of overtime. " I will not be satisfied," declared the Minister of Labour, Mr. H. T. Armstrong, " until the workers of this country are living up to the standard of an American millionaire."

The Primary Products Marketing Act must be placed third in importance. State control of marketing, and compulsory commandeering of goods and services are not altogether novelties to our war generation ; and for some years New Zealand farmers have entrusted their selling arrangements to privately-controlled companies and State-organized export boards. But the Labour measure is revolutionary and unprecedented in that it involves the periodical purchase by the State of the entire produce of dairy farmers at one fixed price, and the periodical

sale by the State of that produce in the London market at the best price that can be obtained. If the Government does not receive so much as it pays for the produce, it will avail itself of its self-bestowed powers to overdraw the public account at the Reserve Bank. Last year someone asked the Minister for Lands, Mr. Langstone, where the money would come from if the London price consistently failed to meet the guaranteed price. He replied : " We will create it : manufacture it." A feature of the scheme is that the Government will take steps to prevent any speculation in land that may follow its inception. A point to be noted is that the Government has already proclaimed its intention of applying the scheme to other kinds of produce in due course, not excluding imports of manufactured goods. Mr. Savage has said : " Hit or miss methods are not going to obtain any longer. We will have to have some sort of control of our external trade. New Zealand, speaking through Parliament, must say what it needs from abroad, and not leave it to the traders, whose first and main concern is themselves and not New Zealand."

Under a United Wheatgrowers' Act the Government now fixes the prices of wheat, flour, and bread in New Zealand, and measures have been taken to fix many other classes of prices. A Government Railways Amendment Act abolishes the Railways Board set up to rehabilitate the State system and monopoly. One of the most laudable actions of the Coalition was to remove the railways, inefficient, over-capitalised, and unpopular as they were, from direct political control. The new measure restores that control with enhanced powers, while a Transport Act gives a newly-appointed Minister of Transport, Mr. Semple, authority to turn off the roads all motor transport companies that come in direct competition with the railways. Already several well-established businesses have been summarily paid off in this way. The idea is to bolster up what the Government regard as the workers' railways ; but road transport has increased so rapidly in recent years that the Government's sentiments must be regarded, to say the least of them, as curiously anachronistic.

Another remarkable piece of legislation—remarkable because it involves unique departures in British experience—is the Broadcasting Act, a measure that places the control of the air

in the hands of the Prime Minister himself as a newly-created Minister of Broadcasting. Hitherto the New Zealand system, following the example of the B.B.C., has not admitted advertising over the air or political broadcasts. The new Act not only admits the possibility of radio advertising in the near future—a move, this, to put the newspapers in their place—but makes provision for broadcasts of debates in the House of Representatives. Mr. Savage has evidently taken one more leaf from the political handbooks of Messrs. Mussolini, Hitler, and Roosevelt. So far New Zealand listeners have had several opportunities of listening to Parliament in action, and it is to be hoped that they have received instruction as well as amusement from the experience. Who knows but that the new Government's courage in thus exposing their proceedings to the microphone may yet prove their most grievous undoing ?

Two important Acts remain. These are the Fair Rents Act and the Distress and Replevin Act, the objects of which, roughly, are to prevent landlords from increasing rentals to recoup them for depression losses and the higher costs that are bound to follow the Government's general policy.

To complete this sweeping legislative début the first Budget of the Labour Government was brought in in August, and, contrary to expectations, was not markedly different from pre-Labour budgets, save that it involved a measure of increased taxation that must have come as a surprise to those who had listened to election promises and thought that at last the country was going to have some relief from an overbearing fiscal burden. Thanks to the careful husbandry of Messrs. Forbes and Coates—for, despite their many weaknesses, these unfortunate partners allowed themselves to be guided by experts—and in direct response to a rise in export prices, the Budget showed a nominal surplus of £13,000. Provision was made for an increase of nearly two million pounds in income next year by judicious re-grading of the land and income taxes ; the defence vote was wisely increased by £250,000 ; and provision made for increases and new establishments of old age, ex-service men's, deserted wives', and invalids' pensions, and for an enlarged programme of public works.

Other features of Labour's progress worth mentioning in

a short summary are Mr. Savage's declaration that his Government, actuated by a belief that the Dominion " is paying more than was intended when the loan contracts were signed," will shortly request London bondholders to reduce interest rates on New Zealand loans ; and the reply of Mr. Savage's Government to the request of the Secretary General of the League of Nations for proposals as to League reform. New Zealand—I follow Reuter—is prepared to go " the whole hog ; " she insists that the Covenant must be strengthened, not weakened, and favours the creation of an International Force under the control of the League, or " the allocation to the League of a definite proportion of the armed forces of its members—land, sea, and air—up to the extent desired."

The intelligent observer who can think plainly about this mass of legislation will be fain to ask two leading questions. Will the Government and the Civil Service be able to administer the novel laws and curious ordinances ? Will the country be able to digest them when they are administered ? But it is within the bounds of probability that both the Government, the Civil Service, and the country, with British character, will contrive somehow or other to muddle through. In which case the intelligent observer must turn his attention to the possible effects upon the economy and polity of New Zealand of the new legislation in action.

Prices must rise. Mr. Savage and his colleagues can say what they like, but prices must rise as a direct result of the increased wages and shorter hours policy, of the guaranteed prices for dairy produce policy, of the Reserve Bank policy, of the taxation, exchange, defence, and London loans policies. Most retail prices in the Dominion have indeed already been raised, according to latest advices, and one business man said the other day that additions to his firm's wages list had so far amounted to £23,500 a year. New Zealand will enter a period of rising prices, and so long as the reserves of the Reserve Bank last, New Zealand will have a great time, because there will be no lack of internal money to finance the inflation. But, once the reserves are depleted the Government's only course will be to create money, and that will mean unsupported inflation, and costs will then rise to unprecedented heights.

I am in agreement with Mr. Keynes's new economics to this extent, that I do not think the sequence would be the same if New Zealand were Great Britain. To some extent this country is an economic entity ; she can, up to a point, feed upon herself financially, and find work for herself at her own devices. But the Dominion, so far from being an economic entity, is an economic annexe. The standard of living in New Zealand does not depend upon the amount of money in circulation in New Zealand, or upon the internal price level, but upon the prices obtained for New Zealand's produce overseas.

New Zealand's overseas market is all important to her. Prior to 1930 the prices for produce in that market were good, and the workers of New Zealand had the highest standard of living in the world. They were in the fortunate position of a shop-keeper who sells all his goods regularly to one customer at a highly profitable price. During the depression, prices were bad and the workers of New Zealand suffered. Lately prices have been improving, and the standard of living in New Zealand has also improved. The Labour people are aware of this dependence, and that is why they have introduced their guaranteed prices scheme. They think they can control the national income by placing a judicious finger over the tap.

Now it stands to reason that the experiment can only succeed if prices for export produce rise and continue to rise for the next few years. But a direct result of the guaranteed price scheme may be to curtail the sale of New Zealand produce overseas and to depress the prices for that produce. First, because Great Britain may resent having bounty-fed goods heaped upon her ; second, because the New Zealand farmers, anxious to sell as much as possible at the certain price, may over-produce and swamp their market ; third, because the farmers, no longer forced to maintain a standard to suit Tooley Street and the British public, may relax in their efforts to improve the quality of their produce.

New Zealand's first Labour Government is going to have a difficult time, and so is New Zealand. Since, however, the Dominion's future is not hers alone, it is imperative that Great Britain should be cognizant of the facts.

IRELAND UNDER " BLOODY BALFOUR "

Some Personal Reminiscences

By Sir John Marriott

THE publication of Mrs. Dugdale's *Life of A. J. Balfour* and of the completed *Life of Lord Carson* reminds me vividly of the days I spent in Ireland in 1887, 1888, 1889, and 1890, the years in which " Bloody Balfour " and " Coercion Carson " earned their soubriquets. I went to Ireland with the express object of learning all I could at first hand and from all parties about the " Irish Question "—in its various aspects, political and agrarian. I had, as an undergraduate, been strongly attracted to Irish history and Irish politics ; Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy aroused my vehement opposition ; and, fledgling though I was, I contested (unsuccessfully) a Radical stronghold at the election of 1886. Having stood entirely on the Irish question, I thought it might be well to add some practical experience to my theoretical knowledge.

Accordingly, in 1887 I visited all parts of the West and South of Ireland, Mayo, Clare, Galway, Kerry, Co. Cork, and Co. Limerick. In 1888 I passed most of my holiday in Ulster ; in 1889 I spent a summer holiday in Co. Cork, and in 1890 I visited Co. Donegal. Mr. Timothy Harrington, the Secretary of the National League, had, most courteously, on my first visit, provided me with a sort of passport or *vade mecum* to all the local branches of the League, and this not only got me out of several very tight places, but enabled me to attend Land League meetings in all parts, and to interview parish priests, Catholic curates, and many others who until the advent of " Bloody Balfour " had exercised undisputed sway over their respective localities. I had also, of course, many introductions to leading Unionists : I stayed with landlords, boycotted and tolerated, and was in frequent communication with famous agents, such as Townshend Trench

and S. M. Hussey. I have before me as I write some of the original scrawls received from "Captain Moonlight" by threatened landlords, agents, and magistrates and especially by farmers who were suspected of "land-grabbing" intentions. "Death is certain," runs one, "to any man taking this farm." Another warns any person who "in any way assists that notorious impostor and wretched landgrabber, Denis Lane, the incarcerator of his brother's orphans," that he will "meet his doom; such offenders will be treated by us as if they were serpents or mad dogs," etc., etc.

I had many close shaves, but thanks largely to Tim Harrington's passport, I got through, and acquired a great mass of first-hand information from a great variety of sources. The more I saw of Ireland during those years the more I came to admire the wisdom and courage of Arthur Balfour, the amazing skill and resourcefulness of his "Crown lawyer," Edward Carson, and not least the devotion and bravery of those who as Resident Magistrates, and officers and men of the Royal Irish Constabulary protected the British garrison in Ireland. In that garrison a new spirit and a new hope had lately been born; the man who inspired it was unquestionably the greatest ruler Ireland had known since the days of Castlereagh, perhaps since the long past days of Sir Arthur Chichester, the Deputy of James I. To appreciate the work done for Ireland—and for England—by Arthur Balfour it is necessary, in briefest outline, to recall the situation.

When in March, 1887, Lord Salisbury appointed his nephew to the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland, Conservatives were not a little surprised at the choice, and the Irish Nationalists undisguisedly chuckled. The Parnellites imagined that they would soon break this "hot-house flower," this "scented popinjay." It was the "scented popinjay" who broke them. But few people foresaw the development; for, much as Balfour was liked in the House, he was not taken very seriously.

On the formation of Lord Salisbury's first Government (1885), Balfour had been appointed President of the Local Government Board, and in the second (1886), Secretary for Scotland. But what could he do in an Ireland that (with Gladstone's help) had broken "Buckshot Forster," had murdered Lord Frederick

Cavendish, and driven into premature old age Sir George Trevelyan? Gladstone having failed either to coerce Ireland or (by Disestablishment and Land Acts) to conciliate her, had become a convert to Home Rule. But Great Britain declined to follow him, and Lord Salisbury prescribed as an alternative "twenty years of resolute government." At the close of twenty years Mr. Balfour handed over to his successors an Ireland that was more orderly and more prosperous than it had ever been since the Union—perhaps since the days of Charles II.

That end had been achieved by a combination of firmness and wise beneficence. The Parnellites in Parliament soon discovered that no amount of obloquy could disturb the serenity of the new Chief Secretary, and that no threats could deflect him from the path he had chosen to follow. Having armed himself with a new and effective weapon, Balfour pursued his course without haste or flurry, without acerbity, with unfailing good humour and unfaltering determination.

For about eighteen months the battle raged fiercely. The fight was at the hottest in the autumn of 1887. I found myself in the thick of it. Every few yards as I drove about Co. Kerry some spot was pointed out to me, where, quite lately, a foul murder had been committed. The "Plan of Campaign" led to terrible scenes, and from English tourists ignorant of the facts, evoked much sympathy. The "plan" had all the simplicity of genius. The rents reduced under Gladstone's Act of 1881 were further reduced under Balfour's Act of 1887, and leaseholders, excluded from the benefits of the former Act, were admitted to those of the latter. All in vain. The tenants could not, so the Leaguers declared, pay. What they could pay, or chose to pay, was offered to the agents, and if refused (as it almost invariably was) was banked for the League.

The victims were selected very shrewdly. One of the first was Lord Clanricarde. His property was not specially high-rented, but his tenants knew little more than his name. Exceedingly wealthy, he spent nothing in Ireland, which he rarely visited. The "plan" therefore did not at all disturb his lordship. "You will not intimidate me," he declared, "by shooting my agent."

The O'Grady in Co. Limerick was another of the early victims,

The O'Grady was the representative of an ancient Irish race; he was a generous landlord, and his tenants were mostly prosperous dairy-farmers. The plight of the O'Gradys, strictly boycotted at Killballyowen, with police parading the demesne night and day, was truly pitiable. For a few days I shared their unhappy existence, and on at least one occasion when, unguarded but not unarmed, I crept out of the fortress to interview the parish priest, my own situation was decidedly uncomfortable, not to say perilous. Not for the first time, however, I found Tim Harrington's letter a more trusty weapon than my revolver.

Such was the condition of things in Ireland in the earlier days of the Balfour regime. Gradually, however, the law, firmly administered, began to get the upper hand. Agrarian crimes rapidly diminished; malefactors were brought to justice; tenants, deterred from paying rents less by poverty than by terror, were only too glad to pay the reduced rents and be permitted to remain in their holdings; cases of boycotting were soon reduced to a minimum—though the minimum was inconvenient enough, as I was made to feel. In 1889 my family took Glengariff Castle, with a salmon river and some rough shooting. On our arrival we found plenty of fish in the river, but they lay there dead—poisoned wholesale. Not a bird was to be seen on the moors; they had all been sold, in anticipation of our coming, in Bantry market. As for the castle we had "taken", there was plenty of room for us, but we found the "family" encamped in the basement, involving us in the boycott pronounced against them! But amid the exquisite loveliness of Glengariff what mattered such trifles?

Meanwhile, the "Popinjay" had asserted an easy mastery over his critics at Westminster, and put the fear of God into delinquents in Ireland.

To assert the supremacy of the law was, however, only one part of Balfour's work in Ireland. Personal observation had quickly convinced him that economic causes were responsible for much of the political unrest. The premises on which he based his conclusion were only partially sound; but of that more presently. Mr. Balfour believed that he could kill Home Rule partly by firmness, partly by kindness. The kindness was, of course, bound to be closely connected with the land.

Gladstone's land legislation was a hopeless failure. It deserved to be. Framed in opposition to the best Irish opinion, sharply criticized by his own colleague, John Bright, who knew Ireland well, Gladstone's Land Acts sanctified, if they did not create, dual ownership. The fair rents and fixity of tenure were all very well, but when combined with free sale they did little to solve the Irish land problem. As rents went down, the value of the tenant-right went up. New tenants paid more and more by way of interest to the gombeen man who lent them the money to purchase the tenant-right, but paid less and less in rent to the landlord, who was still a partner in the dual ownership of the soil. From the dilemma thus created by Gladstone there was only one way of escape. The Unionists took it. The "Ashbourne" Act of 1885 was the first of a series of Acts by which dual ownership was abolished, the landlords bought out with English money, and the occupying tenants converted into proprietors of the soil they tilled. When the Unionist Party went out of office in 1905 the Irish land question had been solved. Evictions had practically ceased; "fair rents" had been judicially fixed for 480,000 holdings, with an average reduction of 20 per cent, and an aggregate reduction of £6,000,000 a year; 74,000 tenants had become owners.

That was an immense achievement. Nor did it stand alone. Land purchase and rent reductions could do nothing for the poverty-stricken squatters, eking out a miserable existence in the "congested districts." "Congested" they did not look to the naked eye of an English visitor, for the wretched hovels were few and far between. But the inhabitants were more numerous than the bogs could support. To meet their pressing need Balfour set up, under the Act of 1891, the Congested District Board. The Board was endowed with an income of £41,250 from the Irish Church Surplus, increased by subsequent Acts to £231,000 a year. The money was expended on improving the breed of horses, cattle, pigs, and poultry; on measures for preventing potato disease; on improving and even building cottages, constructing light railways, roads, fences, and drains; on the consolidation of "crofter" holdings, too small and too poor to sustain decent life, and the subdivision of untenanted grazing land. Co-operative credit by means of village banks was promoted, and encourage-

ment was given to cottage industries, to knitting, lace and home-spun tweed. Training classes were established for instruction in cookery, laundry work, carpentry and boat building. Piers and boat-slips were constructed to help the fisherfolk; steamer-services were subsidized and other means of transport and communication were improved. Modest as it was in scope this was the sort of work that especially appealed to Arthur Balfour.

Such in rough outline was the work accomplished or initiated for Ireland by Arthur Balfour.

It would, however, be misleading in assessing the measure of his success to omit all references to two dramatic episodes which in different ways had an important bearing upon the situation in Ireland. In both episodes the central figure was Charles Stewart Parnell.

Mr. Gladstone once said of him: "Parnell was the most remarkable man I ever met. I do not say the ablest man; I say the most remarkable and the most interesting. He was an intellectual phenomenon. He was unlike any one I had ever met." The connection between this remarkable man and the Balfour regime in Ireland was close and curious. The Crimes Act of 1887 passed its second reading in the House of Commons on April 18. On that morning *The Times* had published—doubtless with a view of helping the Government and easing the passage of their Bill—the first of a series of articles on "Parnellism and Crime." In that first article the famous Parnell letter was printed in facsimile and created an immense sensation. The letter condoned the murder of Mr. Burke which Parnell had publicly denounced. I happened to be in the House of Commons when Parnell rose to deny the authorship of that and six other letters subsequently printed by *The Times*. Prejudiced as I was against Parnell I was impressed by his apparent sincerity. A few months afterwards I was dining with a friend in Dublin who referred to the letters and asked me whether I supposed that Parnell had written them. I answered carelessly in the affirmative, and my host retorted: "He did not; and I will tell you who did—Richard Piggott." That was some months before Piggott was put into the box at the Parnell Commission, and was exposed, under the merciless cross-examination

of Sir Charles Russell, as the forger of the most incriminating letter. The exposure was a bomb-shell in the Unionist camp, and raised Parnell to a pinnacle of popularity among English home-rulers, from which he was suddenly dislodged by the O'Shea divorce suit in which he was cited as co-respondent. On October 7th, 1891, Parnell died at Brighton. On the same day died Mr. W. H. Smith who, since 1887, had led the House of Commons with a modesty equalled only by his ability.

The Irish Chief Secretaryship had proverbially been the grave of reputations. It made Arthur Balfour's. By the unanimous voice of the party he was called to fill W. H. Smith's place. But his uncle and leader had misgivings about it. He shared them himself; nor were they wholly unjustified. Not until a graver crisis evoked the same qualities he had displayed in Ireland—superb courage, unruffled imperturbability, rare devotion to public interests—not until the dark days of the war did Balfour again reach the level of statesmanship maintained during his Irish régime.

Before his death, however, he had to acknowledge a blunder common to the Unionists he had led and their Gladstonian opponents. Both parties were completely in error as to the character of Irish Nationalism. The Unionists believed it could be killed by kindness; the Gladstonians that it could be fobbed off with Home Rule. "Our Nationalism is not founded upon grievances. We are opposed not to English misgovernment, but to English government in Ireland." So ran the communication of the "Provisional Government of the Irish Republic" to President Wilson. Precisely. Parnell was prepared to accept Gladstonian Home Rule "as an instalment;" he never presumed "to fix a boundary to the march of a nation." Mr. Gladstone did not take Parnell's declaration seriously. Animated by generous impulses, but ignorant of Ireland, he deluded himself and misled his followers. Arthur Balfour and the Unionists held from the first that between Union and Separation there was no half-way house. Whether they were right history will decide.

AUSTRALIA'S TRADE WAR WITH JAPAN

By Marc T. Greene

THE Australian determination to check Japanese economic penetration in the South Pacific, so far as it concerns the so-called " dumping " of cheaply produced goods of all sorts into the Commonwealth, calls attention to what is perhaps the most significant of the changing tendencies in this vast area, the replacing of Germany by Japan as an economic factor. This tendency has now become so marked, Japanese commercial aggression so determined and the hold already secured so firm, as greatly to alarm Australians. Many of them insist that a nationalism as perfervid as that of the Japanese will not permit of an indefinite abiding under another political sovereignty where or when they are either commercially or numerically in the ascendant. And a portion of the Australian Press is already suggesting that, as between the Japanese and the Germans, the latter are so much to be preferred as to make desirable their return, even if inducements must be offered in the form of some sort of colonial concessions.

Before the Great War the strongest influence in the South Seas, among the far-reaching island groups and archipelagos that is to say, was the German. This was especially the case in the western islands. Germany held a large part of New Guinea, and most of the adjacent islands except the British Solomons. She also possessed the vast Bismarck Archipelago, part of Samoa, and many single isles and atolls, as well as the present Japanese mandated group of the Marshalls and Carolines.

In the immense territory of New Guinea the German possessions adjoined Australia's colony of Papua. There was considerable trade rivalry here, and it led sometimes to talk of the German " menace " in the South Seas. Nor was competition lacking in other islands where there were Australian commercial interests, such as the Fijis and Tonga. There were Germans in plenty in French Polynesia. Even in Hawaii the largest of

all the great sugar factors was the house of Hackfeld and Company. Such numbers, such economic strength, naturally lent confidence. " Bumptiousness " the Australians often called it. And certainly wherever the Germans were in control German discipline governed whites and natives alike.

The Japanese were few in numbers then and economically negligible. No one anticipated any other position. For what was to bring the Japanese into the South Pacific, either as a trade factor or as a possible political influence ? Japan, moreover, was not then of much commercial importance anywhere, hardly a commercial nation at all. And the word " dumping," in its present economic connotation, had no place in the average vocabulary.

Certainly Australia, not altogether satisfied with the position as to German strength all around her, never thought to see the Japanese, either politically or economically, below the Line. True, Japan was a wool purchaser to a considerable extent both in the Commonwealth and in New Zealand. But neither entertained the least suspicion that the exceedingly favourable trade balance upon which they looked so complacently would presently become so distasteful to Japan that she would determine to correct it, and succeed in large measure in doing so.

The Great War brought about a drastic re-orientation of both political and commercial relations in the South Pacific, the significance of which has been largely overlooked by a Europe engrossed in matters nearer home. During the first few months of the war, Australian forces occupied New Guinea, and a New Zealand expedition landed without resistance in German Samoa, whereupon Germany ceased longer to exist so far as the South Pacific was concerned. The " menace," if there had been one, was ended, and Australians breathed more freely for a time. But not for very long, because Japan presently entered the South Pacific scene in her acceptance—deeply resented by Australia—of the mandate over the Marshalls and Carolines.

At about the same time there began Japan's extension of her world trade. In fifteen years that extension has been far-reaching and fraught with much significance, but nowhere, perhaps, more than in the South Pacific. It is clear that from the outset Japan was determined to establish herself economically

in as many of the islands as possible, as well as to rectify the aforesaid unfavourable trade balances with New Zealand and with Australia. The methods by which she has sought that objective are as interesting as they are characteristic.

Japanese economic penetration takes a far more subtle but not less effective form than did German. It is especially careful not to give offence in any of its details nor to lay itself open to a charge of " bumptiousness." Nor does it generally, thus far at least, include the establishment of Japanese trading-posts, though even that is commencing to happen. But for such establishments the ground is being prepared by the introduction of Japanese low-priced wares into almost every shop in the South Seas by whomsoever owned. The intention is to make Japanese goods so indispensable, by reason of their cost and their value, not only to natives but to Europeans all the way from Apia to Auckland and from Papeete to Perth, that by and by the setting up of Japanese trading-posts and Japanese shops staffed with Japanese will be an easy and logical matter. The economic hold will then be difficult to shake, and its influence may have wide and far-reaching repercussions.

A few years ago Australian commercial interests practically dominated the islands trade. All the independent traders sold British goods—largely Australian—tinned meats, tinned butter, Queensland sugar, products of Australian secondary industries whose very existence was presently to be menaced by Japanese economic penetration below the Line.

The smaller traders were the first to yield to Japanese commercial influence. The case of one in Apia, Western Samoa, is in point. He is an American, in fact, and very influential among the islanders because of his Samoan wife, a woman of high native rank. Outside the large Australian firms he is the most important trader in the Samoan group. Until very recently his stock was all British and American, chiefly the former, and of that mostly Australian. To-day more than eighty per cent. of it is Japanese, and, curiously enough, most of it comes through a *British* commission house in Kobe.

He can sell to the Samoans print cloth for fivepence a yard, the tinned fish which they much prefer to that caught the same day from the coral reef for sixpence a tin, cameras for a shilling,

fountain pens for half that, bicycles for a pound, all made in Japan. Through him and through all the other independent traders in Apia the natives, and gradually the white populace as well, have formed the habit of buying Japanese goods, and they will have no other. Moreover, this has forced the large firms, formerly one of the chief markets for Australian secondary industries, into stocking Japanese wares, lest they lose a large portion of their trade to their small competitors.

The point arises here of the quality of Japanese goods. It is an important one, and there is much misconception about it. In the word "dumping" there is rather more than an implication of inferiority. In Australia, indeed, it is frequently used synonymously with the term "shoddy." The suggestion is that Japanese goods of whatever sort are not worth buying, even at half the cost of the British.

This impression should be corrected. Japanese competition is not to be disposed of in any such fashion, though there would be little to fear from it anywhere if the "shoddy" idea had any basis. It has not, or certainly very little. The Japanese would not be so foolish as to attempt to secure their economic hold in Australia, the South Sea Islands, or anywhere else by distributing goods worth markedly less than they cost. To sell a customer a piece of "shoddy" is clearly to lose his goodwill and his trade, and only economic disaster could follow such a course, whether with a single merchant or with a nation of merchants.

Do not underestimate the strength of Japanese commercial competition here or anywhere by so undervaluing Japanese commercial astuteness. Japanese products are almost always good and fair value. No one, not even they themselves, would contend that a pair of rubber-soled shoes at two-and-six is of quality on a parity with British manufacture at three times as much. The point is that the Japanese product is worth the sum charged for it, and that, moreover, the low price places such an article within the economic range of a large class to which the British article, however superior, is forbidden.

This position holds in every department of Japanese export trade, and that is what really makes Japanese economic competition so great a menace. Were the Japanese selling rubbish

all over the world, there would be no cause for alarm because any such practice would very soon be self-destructive. They are not selling rubbish, however, in Australia or anywhere else. On the contrary, much rubbish *has* been sold in the South Pacific, and some of it has come from European countries as well as from the United States. And that is another thing that has favoured Japanese economic penetration.

A shilling camera has been mentioned. This, like sixpenny fountain pens and numberless other things, is one example of Japanese commercial subtlety. You will conclude that a shilling camera is merely a child's plaything, like the brass watches without works children in the kindergartens delight to wear. Not at all. The Japanese do not operate that way. It is a camera and it will function, not indefinitely perhaps like a twenty-pound Zeiss, but quite long enough to make it a good purchase. Moreover, it includes the equipment for developing and printing.

Yet this is really only what may be called a commercial gesture. That is to say, the Japanese are not counting upon shilling cameras as trade factors. What they are counting upon is that customers everywhere, regarding the article with wonder and not without grudging admiration for its producers, will admit that it is a clever people who can conceive and execute such a thing.

A few years ago Japan launched a determined and well-planned campaign to extend her Australian markets. When the increasing Japanese imports began to alarm Australians, especially among secondary industries, a few years ago, the Japanese sought to allay that alarm somewhat by sending down " goodwill missions." The very energetic *Osaka Mainichi* and *Tokyo Nichi Nichi*, two leading Japanese newspapers, themselves sponsored the first of such missions. Then the great manufacturing city of Nagoya sent one. Others followed. A Japanese naval squadron appeared, even visiting the Australian and New Zealand mandated islands. But all this was really in return for Sir John Latham's " goodwill " visit to Japan, and it is significant that Australia made the overtures.

Nevertheless, neither this nor all the conferences held in the hope of somehow reconciling Japan to a restriction of her exports to Australia and her continuance as Australia's best

wool customer, could avert a break in commercial relations, as a result of which Japan attended the recent early spring wool sales in Australia as an " observer " and not as a buyer. Thus the sales were a failure for the first time since Australia commenced to pull herself out of the slough of the depression of 1931 and 1932. They were a failure because Japan normally purchases from Australia upwards of ten million pounds' worth of wool, and Australian primary producers are greatly disturbed at the position, especially as Japan is a cereal customer to the extent of five million pounds annually and may boycott that market also if the restrictions now placed upon her products are retained.

Including sales of other products than wool and wheat, the Australian balance in respect of Japanese trade has averaged ten million pounds a year. And if as a result of the ban on Japanese exports Australian-Japanese trade is practically wiped out, as well it may be, the primary producers of the Commonwealth will have to bear the sacrifice. Whether they can be persuaded that such a sacrifice is for the country's good, for the sake of the growing secondary industries so greatly needed both here and in New Zealand, remains to be seen. But it is certain that already, following the aforesaid failure of the early wool sales, there is a good deal of grumbling.

Moreover, the position is aggravated by the heavily unfavourable trade balance with America. The latter sells Australia ten million pounds' worth of goods annually and buys next to nothing. As an offset to this the Commonwealth has been selling to Japan some fifteen million pounds' worth of her products annually and purchasing in return less than four millions. This has been chiefly in textiles, especially silks and imitations, fancy goods, oils and paint-making materials, rubber and metal goods, and a great variety of small articles, the production of all of which Australia herself expects to achieve as her secondary industries expand.

Nevertheless, the position is a difficult one at the moment. The Commonwealth requires to meet thirty million pounds yearly of overseas loan obligations, and to do that a large favourable trade balance is essential. The wool trade has been the chief factor in making that possible, and the principal wool customer has been Japan. It is difficult to see, then, how Australia can

bear the sacrifice of the Japanese market, unless she can re-orient her trade relations so drastically as to eliminate the unfavourable balance with America. One answer to that would seem to be to deal with England instead of with the United States. Nor is there apparent any reason why that could not and should not be done ; no reason, that is to say, except a marked Australian preference for certain American products and a growing pro-American sentiment in the Commonwealth generally.

Australia, having turned the deficits of previous years into a very satisfying surplus last year with the expectation of repeating that in 1936-37, despite the largest appropriation for armament in the nation's history, nearly nine million pounds, feels herself in a position strong enough to hold Japan at bay economically speaking, not only in the Commonwealth but in the island colonies also. Apprehension has been growing as to the Japanese intention in the latter as Japanese economic penetration has so rapidly expanded throughout the South Seas. In the former German part of New Guinea it is coming to be a brisk contest between the Orientals and the Germans themselves. In the case of Japan, colonization, too, has long since commenced in New Guinea, and many trading posts have been set up. This has extended to the Dutch part of this great island in such measure that the Netherlands Government has sent a commission to investigate it.

Lately the Japanese have become curiously aggressive in another direction and one of which the outside world is quite ignorant, trochus shell fishing. Within the past year several large sampans with crews of from thirty to a hundred Japanese have been captured, not only in Australian waters along the Great Barrier Reef and off the north coast, but also in French territory near New Caledonia. Three months ago a curious incident occurred there. A large sampan was reported in French waters and the colonial government at Noumea sent an aeroplane to investigate. Discovering the sampan illegally at work, the airmen threatened to drop bombs on it unless it followed, under arrest, to Noumea. It started to do so when the aeroplane itself fell into the sea and the airmen would have been drowned had not the Japanese fishermen rescued them. The sampan then went to Noumea, where half the cargo of trochus shell was

retained and the poachers released with the rest. Within the following months two more fishing sampans were captured in French waters. More than seventy up-to-date charts of the South Pacific were found on board them. It was also discovered that they were in frequent touch with a large supply ship which was somewhere in the vicinity.

The Japanese position at the moment is one of watchful waiting as concerns Australian trade, and their presence as " observers," rather than as purchasers, at the recent wool sales is piquantly characteristic of their policy. Clearly they expect Australia to relent presently and to lift the import ban. If she does not they can purchase wool elsewhere, notably in South Africa. Almost certainly they will also boycott the Australian cereal market.

But whatever the trade position with Australia may become, nothing is more certain and definite than Japanese economic progress and expansion in the South Sea Islands. Her hold there is already too strong to be shaken, and it comprehends most of the isles and archipelagos. It has been secured in an unostentatious, almost an imperceptible, fashion. Japanese goods have been made well-nigh indispensable to the natives, who now find much within their means that never was before, under the white man's economic dominance. Europeans in the islands, the fortunes of many at a low ebb following the depression that has swept the South Pacific like a typhoon, gladly patronize Japanese shops or those where Japanese low-priced wares are obtainable.

The fact is, take it for good or for ill, that the day of the white man among the islands is drawing to a close. Planters have been ruined by the depression, communications everywhere have been greatly curtailed, many islands with several hundreds of native populace have been abandoned entirely. The ways of the old days are returning, the South Sea Islanders reverting to type. Here lies every opportunity for Oriental penetration, economic if not political. It constitutes a problem for the white man. Australia is the nearest to it and the most concerned. And her chief concern is centring about the activities of the Japanese, of which, as she feels certain, the economic is only one.

A NATIONAL THEATRE ON TRIAL

By Alistair Cooke

IN the early spring of 1935, while President Roosevelt was off the Bahamas on one of his renowned fishing trips, a small army of radicals and unemployed paraded in front of the White House with signs which read, " Nero Fiddled While Rome Burned—Roosevelt Fishes While the Unemployed Starve." Columnists throughout the country were bitterly recording that " the number of people on the dole, so far from decreasing as business improved, has increased appallingly until to-day, all records broken, it is admitted twenty-two million—or one-sixth of the nation—are living on relief." In Washington, Congress was rushing through the latest Roosevelt panacea, a relief bill for 4,880,000 dollars. As soon as it was ready for his signature, the President sped north and home and promised in three months that the transfer of unemployed from local dole to Federal relief would be completed, under the working of this new department, the W.P.A.—the Works Progress Administration.

But by that time, though over four hundred and seventy projects had been approved and over four hundred million dollars allotted, there was not yet a single worker employed. The chief difficulty in getting the W.P.A. under way seemed to be that there were not enough worth-while jobs to employ the three and a half million workers who had been promised definite relief, at least not with the maximum provided cost of eleven hundred dollars per worker, including his materials. The President daily announced scores of inconsequent projects which later earned for the policy the nickname of " boon-doggling." But nobody could think of nation-wide projects which would organize a whole profession. The first comprehensive scheme took care of a billion and a quarter dollars and over half a million workers who were set to re-settling rural areas, to the major undertakings of soil-erosion and flood

control. But the scheme which goes on record as Federal Project No. 1 is that which united, as relief workers like any other, over forty thousand writers, artists, musicians, and theatre workers. To date the most successful of these undertakings is that which is now called simply the W.P.A. Theatre.

This Federal Theatre is in no sense an amateur movement. It is primarily concerned with giving employment to out-of-work actors, designers, directors, stage hands. Organized in the autumn of 1935, it had the good fortune to be given at the start into the hands of Mrs. Hallie Flanagan, a remarkable woman of the theatre, who for many years ran an experimental theatre at Vassar, the women's college, as part of the ordinary college curriculum, a theatre that still bears comparison with some of the most distinguished experimental theatres in Europe. The growth of the Federal Theatre and its increasing importance as a civic force is due chiefly to the economy and imagination she showed at the start.

The theatre was required to budget as little as possible for stage equipment and to employ as many people as possible. And at the start there was a rigid law that ninety per cent. of the allotted money must go to labour costs. The United States is divided into four areas to simplify salary rates, which extend from a maximum for skilled workers at £19 a month down to a minimum for unskilled workers at just over £4 a month. The work is certain, a forty-hour week is stipulated, and all branches of the project are free to organize unions. Already by June, 1936, the Federal Theatre was the most considerable theatrical producer in the United States. Operating in 31 states, the W.P.A. was offering 158 plays, employed eleven thousand people, and was playing to a nightly audience of 500,000 from coast to coast. And this was at the end of the first summer month, when Broadway dims its lights and the repertory theatres in big cities disband and count the season's takings.

It was perhaps a lucky challenge to Mrs. Flanagan's courage that the first continental season should have to be organized and be expected to show a profit during the grilling American summer. A state-aided theatre starting its season in winter would very likely have been organized on a narrower basis and have appealed chiefly to seasoned audiences. But last summer

the W.P.A. Theatre had to make its audience as it went along. There is no branch of theatre entertainment in which it is unrepresented. The director of each area has the right to appoint the kind of unit which is most likely to succeed in his region. The business of creating theatre audiences along the Mississippi is not the same as that of entertaining Chicago's parks or San Francisco's waterfront. In New York City alone there are separate units for vaudeville, marionettes, minstrel shows, the dance, verse plays, a children's theatre, a Negro unit, and a circus which tours hospital lawns. In Tulsa, Oklahoma, the work centres mainly on recreational programmes in community centres. In Muskogee there is an independent project for blind people only, supervised and directed by a blind man.

The Federal Theatre differs from the wilful martyrdom of most art-theatres and advanced repertory in that it does not see itself as a voice in the wilderness; on the contrary, the wilderness decides what voices it would like to hear. At the start, then, it has not attempted to crusade for its own unchangeable wares. It is busy not preserving so much as recreating a practical folk theatre, a theatre, that is, which "the folks" will honestly want to share in. And yet the standard is set by the workers in the theatre and is the best they know in whatever type of entertainment they offer. The initiative of Mrs. Flanagan has never buckled before a problem of recreation which she has always recognized as a distinctively American problem, that is, a continental one. In the summer this means that seven times the number of people inside theatres will sit down to an outdoor entertainment. It meant that there must be a whole series of travelling companies united as the W.P.A. Portable Theatre. To this unit must go the credit for creating an audience and bringing theatrical entertainment to over a million and a half people who had never seen any. In the parks, across three thousand miles of country, over two million people have seen this summer, and paid no admission to, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and a special children's fantasy adapted from Andersen, *The Emperor's New Clothes*. There have been innumerable concerts, puppet shows, dance recitals, and vaudeville performances, as well as regional plays restricted to the areas that wrote them.

The greatest encouragement has been given to racial groups to form their own units. Already six languages other than English are heard in Federal Theatre productions throughout the country. There are five Yiddish companies ; two Italian, one German, and one company each of Cuban, Mexican, and Spanish, which are different enough in speech to be classified as three languages. The very successful Negro unit in New York City, which gave the W.P.A. its first real hit in its production of *Macbeth*, has been duplicated in Seattle, Los Angeles, and Chicago, which have already staged *Porgy*, *Walk Together Chillun*, and several new Negro plays written specially for the projects. The Florida Italian group has done an Italian opera ; the Cuban group ran a summer revue ; the German group is soon to open in *Der Zerbrochene Krug*. Each group is expected not only to perform its own indigenous plays but is encouraged to revive classical drama with a racial interpretation. The Negro *Macbeth* placed the action in Haiti and used French Haiti costumes, divided the action between " the palace," " the coast " and " the jungle " and gave to the usually hinted barbarism of the witches the full resounding terror of voodoo.

But Mrs. Flanagan is not only providing for every region but for every sort of occupational interest in the theatre that in these times finds itself without employment. There is, for instance, a Radio Division of the Federal Theatre, which not only keeps all the units in instant touch with their news and administration but arranges its own programmes, talks, dramatizations of theatre lives and famous playwrights, to supplement production of their plays. The Federal Theatre has given recently a series of lectures on the theatre and allied arts. It has started its own training ground for actors in a national organization of teacher-director units. At one extreme it offers the most humble utilitarian service to workless women who must support a family : in the poorer sections of Oklahoma City teacher-directors in the wardrobe department of the Federal Theatre are giving professional instruction in sewing to the women of sixteen sewing rooms. Two other teacher-directors are working in the community camps on the outskirts of the city. At the other extreme, it embraces disinterested scholarship, for the Federal Theatre started its own Research Bureau at Los Angeles. From this project already

there have appeared three monographs, on respectively the Shadow plays of Java, the till now overlooked Persian Passion Play, and the Mexican-Hispano Theatre.

There has never before been a State-aided theatre which undertook so much social responsibility and which covered so wide a field of experiment. But all this initiative and resource would still be fathering a doubtful luxury if the limit of Federal Theatre activity was, at one end, humanitarianism, at the other pure scholarship, with a solid intermediate achievement in the performances of classic and regional plays, vaudeville and marionette entertainment for the cheering of hospital patients. The Federal Theatre becomes a contemporary experiment in the strictest sense when it reaches out to unite the education of American children with an interpretation of the world of affairs.

In such contact the W.P.A. has done some of its best work. It is odd that America, which is comparatively behind in the production of what is called " documentary " cinema, should be so ahead in documentary theatre. In New York City there is one separate project, housed in its own theatre, which calls itself the W.P.A.'s " Living Newspaper." It exists solely for the staging of documentary pieces. Thirty-five thousand people saw its fine performance of *Triple A Ploughed Under*, an episodic dramatization of the defeat of the A.A.A. It is hard to think of another existing Government which would offer funds to a company of actors to dramatize, for the amusement and education of its citizens, one of the major blunders of its administration.

Between these two scales, of child education and adult dramatization of affairs, the one academic the other factual, is the controlling pendulum of civics. And there is no more heartening evidence of a new creative Americanism than in the vigilant and un-precious way this central problem has been tackled. The Marionette Unit in Buffalo started this summer by giving performances in the parks dramatizing the dangers of reckless driving. A radio company called the " Safety Musketeers, " gave a series of broadcast plays showing the necessary precautions to assure safety in the home, on the highway, in playgrounds, beaches and other places which now take a heavy annual toll of human life. And now in rehearsal by the Dance Project of New York City is *Young Tramps*, a choreographic treatment of the

wandering youth of America, based on Thomas Minehan's gruesome and moving document of two years ago, *Boy and Girl Tramps of America.*

Enthusiasm for the Federal Theatre is already strong among the country audiences, in the community centres, and critics from coast to coast who last year regarded it as just another mild repertory theatre are now unanimous that the W.P.A. has offered to America a model for a permanent and vital American Federal Theatre. Whether the Federal Project No. 1 will outlast the present administration is not easy to say. In the beginning, the commercial theatre could afford to ignore it. But when Sinclair Lewis declared his intention to give his own stage version of *It Can't Happen Here*, not to Broadway, but for simultaneous production in twenty W.P.A. theatres, the managers rose in their wrath. However fine the work that the Federal Theatre is doing, it is still tolerated by the commercial theatre, and by Roosevelt's political opponents, because it does not seem to be important enough to dislike, it does not yet touch the knuckle of political issues. With the strengthening and advance of its programme in documentary and in civics, it is likely that before long Broadway and the political bosses will try to come in by the back door. Even in Congress the President can still be reminded with complete respectability that the Federal Theatre is only one of several emergency projects ; that its main function is not to improve acting or revive modern drama but to put back into the commercial theatre unemployed theatre workers whose apprenticeship has now been usefully served in a " theatre for relief." At any rate, Mrs. Flanagan has now a theatrical four years' respite, unless before that time Mr. Roosevelt is again unreasonably confronted with those figures which have made him promise an early retraction of spending. Whatever the minority of the U.S. theatre audience may wish, angry U.S. voters, indifferent to the unfairness of this historical comparison, will have to be convinced before long that all that money has been wisely spent.

THE EXAMPLE OF FINLAND

By J. Hampden Jackson

IT is fashionable nowadays to look down upon the small nation as a social unit. Economically, according to the current view, small nations are wasteful: the heavy overhead expenses, industrial, diplomatic, administrative and military, for a small state are more than the people should be called upon to bear. Politically they are dangerous and reactionary: a spirit of hothouse nationalism is engendered which must lead to war and to the oppression of national minorities. Culturally they are parochial: the preoccupation with the fruits of local genius spoils their stomach for the real culture of the age, which is international.

How fallacious this view is, Irish, Scottish and even Welsh Nationalists have attempted to demonstrate, but without much success. The real fallacies can be seen only if we look a little farther afield—for instance, at Finland.

Finland, though in area larger than Great Britain, is a small nation of some 3,700,000 souls. For six centuries and a half (1154-1809) she was under Swedish rule. For one century (1809-1917) she was under Russia. Her independence dates only from 1919 and yet, though beginning with finances crippled by the War of Independence and with her best foreign market lost by the severance of the Russian connection, Finland has during these last seventeen years built up a remarkable and enviable prosperity.

The bases of this prosperity are forestry and agriculture. Finland possesses the most valuable forests in Europe. In extent they are larger than those of Sweden and twice as large as those of Germany. Russia has more acres under forest, but Russia's timber is dependent upon a few great waterways for transport, whereas Finland's, thanks to a network of rivers, streams and lakes, is much more accessible. Her export trade

in wood-products, which is as old as the Hanseatic League, has been developed during the last generation by the creation of a number of subsidiary industries; for not only does Finland export building materials, bobbins, matches, and veneers, but she has now mills and factories for the manufacture of plywood, paper and cellulose which are among the most efficient in the world. The demand for wood and wood-products is unceasing and the chief danger is of over-felling and under-planting; but there the Finns have shown themselves wiser in their generation than the Canadians and the Russians: they have a State-controlled scheme of re-afforestation which has freed them from all fear of the day when their supply of timber may be inadequate for the demand. The second danger—that of a lack of the fuel necessary to work the sawmills—is equally remote. Finland has no coal and no oil, but she has water-power in abundance and has harnessed it to the production of electricity so that the "white coal" is plentiful and cheap; and though she imports a great deal of oil she has a potential substitute for it at home in the wood-spirit which at present is being poured away from the mills.

How risky it is to base a nation's economy on a single product Englishmen will be the first to recognize. The Finns, in spite of the boom in cellulose and other wood-products, have realized this from the beginning. They have not ceased to regard themselves as primarily a food-growing State. On agriculture sixty per cent. of the population are dependent for their living. The problem was how best to organize that agriculture, and in solving this the Finns have achieved their most signal success. Between the extremes of collective farming and peasant proprietorship they have found a middle way which has preserved the advantages of both systems.

After the War of Independence the Government assisted tenants to buy the land they farmed. Today half the population live on small holdings. It is often said that small holdings are the most uneconomical method of agriculture, but figures in Finland disprove that: the area of land under cultivation and the value of the agricultural produce have both doubled since 1901. Yet it is true that the Finnish small holding system would not have been such a success but for two extraordinary circum-

stances. The first is that tree-felling provides an alternative seasonal occupation for many agriculturists during the winter months. The second is that the co-operative movement has provided the small holder with a means of buying seed, stock and implements and of marketing his produce to his—and the consumer's—best advantage. So highly developed is this system that over half of the population of the country are co-operators.

No account of the economic condition of a country is worth much unless it estimates the standard of living of the people ; but in attempting this in the case of Finland we are up against peculiar difficulties. Industrial wages are low by English standards, but so are rents and food-prices (bread is cheaper in Finland than in any other European country except Estonia). Then it must be remembered that most Finnish industrial workers live in the country, where their families have a holding of some sort. Unemployment, though it reached the formidable figure of 90,000 during the crisis of 1931-2, is practically non-existent today. There were precisely 251 registered unemployed when the present writer was in Finland this summer, and not more than 3,000 were being given employment in public works. The farmers suffered from the crisis as well as the industrial workers ; butter-prices fell from 30 Finnish marks in 1922 to 16 F.M. in 1930, and today the farmer gets 24 F.M. of which four come from the Government in the form of a subsidy. This has led to less radio- and telephone-buying on the part of farmers, but it has not meant a serious fall in their standard of living. In the towns the standard is one that many members of the British working class might envy. There is no overcrowding : the average number of people per room in the capital is less than 1.5. There is no under-nourishment ; the consumption of margarine, for instance, is virtually *nil* because everyone can afford butter.

But perhaps the best indication of the economic well-being of the Finns is their political attitude towards their Soviet neighbour. On their eastern flank lies the U.S.S.R., and everybody knows what colossal economic reforms that Union has experienced, what miracles of industrial organization, what prodigies of collective farming, what epoch-making improvements in the

standard of living of the people. It might well be expected that the Finns would be anxious to return to the Russian fold now that it is under new shepherds who have shown such care for the least among their flock. The fact is that nowhere can one find such scepticism about the whole Russian experiment as exists in Finland. In the worst years of the crisis some hundreds of Finnish workers made their way across the frontier to settle in Soviet territory. About half of them have since come back, bringing such tales of poverty and oppression that the flickers of Communist faith among Finnish workers have been extinguished. And it is believed that the other half would come back if they could.

Meanwhile what of the political perils to which we referred at the beginning of this article? What of the warlike spirit and the oppression of minorities which are said to be unavoidable in small nations? There is compulsory military service in Finland; there is an expensive army and a navy; there is no organized pacifism. At the same time there is a clear realization that Finland could never be strong enough to win a war, and therefore could never wish to make one. The aim of her armaments is to convince the Soviet Union (for example) that to attack Finland would be a costly business. The hope is that, in the event of attack, Finland would be able to hold out until the League of Nations—by which Northern people usually mean Great Britain—could come to her rescue.

The problem of national minorities exists in an acute form in Finland. The legacy of the centuries of Swedish rule is the presence in Finland of some 350,000 people of Swedish descent. Though they compose but 10 per cent. of the population these Swedes are of a high level of civilization and are disproportionately prominent in the commercial and professional ranks. The Finns are jealous of them, but so far from persecuting the Swedish minority they have allowed them privileges out of all proportion to their numbers. Swedish and Finnish are both official languages. One in every five secondary schools and one of the three universities are for Swedish-speaking scholars. There is an untrammelled and intransigent Swedish press.

There remains the question of the cultural standard of Finland. The Englishman will at once think of the Irish parallel,

for Finland is to Sweden very much as Ireland is to England. Are the Finns sacrificing their acquired culture to the traditions of a *Gaeltacht*? The truth is that in all their centuries as a subject-people the Finns never really lost their independence. Under Sweden in the seventeenth and eighteenth they enjoyed a higher degree of self-government than any other people in Europe; under Russia in the nineteenth century they remained a Grand Duchy with their own parliament, and the Tsar, though an autocrat in Russia, was but a limited monarch in Finland. The Finnish language never died; Swedish culture grafted itself naturally and healthily on to the Finnish stem. The result when Finland at last became an independent State was that there was no need to stimulate a cultural revival: renaissance had come spontaneously. If you require a monument you have only to look round Helsinki (Helsingfors). Modern architecture has nowhere found such happy expression, unless it be in Stockholm. The magnificent railway station, though the work of a Finnish architect in Finnish stone, is in a tradition which we associate with contemporary Sweden. Or take music: one may associate Sibelius's most popular piece, *Finlandia*, with nationalist sentiment, but his symphonies transcend nationalism.

There is a sense in which all culture is regional—or national, if you will—and in that sense Finnish culture is national. But it cannot be said that the culture of this new state is nationalist, if by that we mean that it is distorted by political motives. There is only one obvious case of such distortion and that is the new emphasis which is laid on English instead of German as the foreign language to be taught in schools. The Finns have no love for Germany, therefore they refuse to learn her language, although German is and must continue to be the *lingua franca* of the Baltic. They admire England and look forward to ever closer commercial relations with us—look forward, too, to our military help in the day of trouble—and therefore they learn our language. Culturally it is a questionable reform, but it puts Englishmen under the obligation of ceasing to ignore the example of Finland as one of the most successful of all the new societies which have grown out of the post-war "settlement" of Europe.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

By Stephen Gwynn

THE dictatorships have been giving tongue: Mussolini, after his invariable use, in person; Herr Hitler, by a frequent mouthpiece, General Göring, who represents completely, perhaps even emphasises, one side of that Nordic Mahdi. Meanwhile across the Atlantic one of the freest of free peoples has created something like a dictatorship—although in the present disposition of the United States this matters little to Europe, for help or hindrance. However that be, Mr. Roosevelt has had great power for the last four years: for the next period it will be greatly augmented. Even the Republican opposition appears to recognize that the people has spoken, and what is more notable, recognizes it willingly. There is a desire among the democracies for leadership and for strong administration.

Britain's Role in Europe

Great Britain led the way in this so far back as 1931, and the last general election confirmed the situation—though without any such resounding emphasis as in the United States. France last spring went further than Republican France had ever gone in the same direction, and these last weeks seem to indicate that, against much augury, M. Blum's position strengthens rather than is threatened.

The English scene is curious. Less than a year ago the English people were ready—morally, that is, for it never occurs to them that they may be materially unready—to face the only crusade on which it would be possible to launch them. The notion of a crusade for the powerful organization of peace, asserting law between nations, excited and even elated them; it meant more than a decisive test match, and the feeling knew no boundary of parties. Then it turned out that neither the English government nor that of the other great free country in Europe, was prepared for the

hazard. A cold douche came. There was no upset, for the government was in reality so far national that no alternative administration was in sight which could carry the country with it. The young man on whom the country had set its heart (regarding him dimly, I think, as expressing the more active side of Mr. Baldwin's nature) remained in office, while his colleague, who had represented the older and more cautious Mr. Baldwin, went out.

Today it is still Mr. Eden who speaks for England on foreign affairs—and, it is plain, speaks acceptably. Since there is to be no crusade, since England's policy cannot be expressed in active support of the League of Nations, since we must begin again and work underground like the mole, for the moment England's role in Europe is to keep the temperature down, and Mr. Eden appears as the perfectly well-bred Englishman, excellent for that purpose. Both Germans and Italians have publicly courted England with a view to an effusive reconciliation, expressing their desire for a harmonious concert of Europe, in which England should be allowed a leading part. But both have conveyed, the Italians more adroitly, that harmony can only be attained by the exclusion of Russia from this civilized combination. To all this Mr. Eden makes answer quietly that Great Britain will not enter into any combination directed against any particular power. Further, he replies to Italy that the Mediterranean is not merely a convenient short cut for British transport, but a vital channel of communication which will be kept open if necessary by British power; and to Germany that the financial stringency of which General Göring complains certainly does not arise because Germany was robbed by England, since England lent to Germany more than the equivalent of what Germany paid to England in compensation for damage done.

Labour's Indecision

When the spokesman of a government takes so firm a line, he must have support both moral and material; and the House of Commons at large clearly supported Mr. Eden. There is a general sense that the dictatorships are inclined to dictate outside their own boundaries, and this is resented. Some time ago an article on "The Price of Peace" was published in this REVIEW, and many besides

the writer would at that time have been inclined to consider what concessions could be made to the " Have-Nots." But since then, one of them has carved out an " Empire," in defiance of all pledges, at the expense of a fellow member of the League, and the other, in defiance of agreements not only accepted at Versailles but renewed of free will at Locarno, has upset what seemed the stabilization of Western Europe—as Belgium's recent action proves ; and both have done their best to defeat and wipe out that inchoate organization by which is was hoped to establish a reign of peace and law. Very few now, certainly not the writer of that article, think this a time for concessions which would have much the appearance of paying blackmail. Just because there are threats even to the strong, even the strong must prepare defence ; and it is here that public opinion in England, as expressed in the House of Commons, stops short of resolute support.

The Opposition are quite clear that resistance should be offered to any further encroachment attempted by the dictatorships ; indeed they go further than the Government and apparently are for resisting aggression by force, no matter in what quarter of Europe it occurs. But they cannot decide to back the Government in making good admitted deficiencies in armament. " We ourselves," they say, " should trust ourselves to do this, if we were in power ; we cannot trust you." Since that ambiguous attitude towards a national need is more likely than anything else to keep Labour out of power, Labour's help cannot be counted on.

Dilemma of the Unarmed

Yet the situation is grave for all free countries in Europe. Sweden, which was strongly affected by German sympathies, is now alarmed by the Nazi developments and stands on the defensive. Denmark, always very close to England in sympathy, and having a man from the peasant class for Prime Minister, has disarmed, and now finds itself flooded by Nazi propaganda and experiencing gradual infiltration of German settlement into that part of Schleswig-Holstein which a plebiscite restored to Danish allegiance. Where there are German settlers there are, under the Danish system, German schools, and each becomes a centre of

Nazi teaching. Conservatives and Socialists in Denmark alike are uneasy, but the sense of a superior force behind this propaganda makes them doubt whether it is not necessary to accept some kind of absorption into the German system as inevitable. They read Belgium's new attitude as meaning that, in Belgian opinion, even France and Britain together do not offer an unchallengeable protection.

Holland and Switzerland show their view of the situation by accepting new burdens for armament, most uncongenial to quiet countries. Of the two greater Powers, France does not conceal its apprehensiveness, and the pacifist M. Blum is spending as Poincaré or Clemenceau might have done. England also decides to rearm, and spends to rearm, but here a difference is at once manifest. France cannot draw more widely on man power than she already has done ; the obligation is universal. She can only increase her readiness by taking a larger slice out of each man's civilian existence. In England, the number of soldiers, trained, half-trained, or even not quarter trained, is considerably less than in the early summer of 1914. And although the need to rearm is admitted by all parties, the guns may be ordered but the men to man the guns do not present themselves. This is a danger to the peace of Europe, and European war would once more bring in an England unprepared—which is murder for many thousands of Englishmen.

Conscription—Servitude or Service

One must give up the idea of conscription, because of the extraordinary fact that universal obligation to military service, which in France is taken for the hall-mark of democracy, is regarded in England as a badge of servitude. But in a democracy compulsory service must be universal, and English opinion would regard a levy so far beyond the immediate military need as a declaration of militarism. The English think the French militarist because if war comes every man has to serve, and must learn to serve in peace time. They prefer that soldiering should be a profession or a pastime ; here volunteers or men in the Territorials seem to be regarded much as if they devoted their leisure to football—though they do not get the admiration which a footballer enjoys.

As to the professional soldier in the ranks, he accepts a trade which is not highly thought of in England—and in many households is counted a disgrace.

Everybody knows all this, but nobody has a remedy, Various devices are proposed to attract recruits by new inducements, but nobody expects more than at the very most a five per cent increase through any one of them. The War Office can do nothing effective about it, for the problem is in its essence political. It means changing the whole attitude of the country towards soldiering, and though the Government can pass a law, it cannot change men's dispositions. The whole question needs to be lifted out of party politics—as it is in France, and to be treated as a national necessity—as it was in the War. But if war comes again, it should begin with conscription, not only because nothing else is efficient but because nothing else is fair.

Is it impossible to attach to the War Office an advisory council, with the duty of making public recommendations on the means by which conscription in peace time can be avoided ? Such a council must be as well able to speak for the trade unions as for the employers, since either of these forces is potent to determine whether after a period of soldiering a man can get back to his job, or can get a job that is a trade. Organized capital and organized labour, just because they are organized, both have a heavy responsibility for the difficulty that Great Britain experiences in getting men to man its defences.

The Soldier in Civilian Life

For the British Commonwealth a long-service professional army is needed, as it is needed by no other Power, since a great part of the professional service must be done overseas. That has its attractions, but has also its heavy drawbacks, and the worst drawback is the difficulty of return to civil life. A test case is offered by the reservists who were called out to go to Palestine. Nothing could help recruiting for the regular army more than that the War Office should watch over the return of every one of these men into civil life ; if there is hindrance to any one of them getting back to the job he had, or its equivalent, the War Office should let the public know of it, and spare no one in fixing the

blame where it lies. But, of course, such a task would belong more rightly to, and be executed with more authority by, such a permanent council as I suggest.

The core of the trouble lies in the British conception of a soldier as a man separate from the community at large. Nobody in France or Germany says, as is constantly said in England, that a man who has been a soldier is unfitted for ordinary civilian life; for, if so, everybody in France and Germany would be unfit. Yet the case of the professional soldier does present a difficulty, though it may probably be lessened as the professional army is more fully mechanized and becomes more, like the navy or air force, a skilled trade. It should be possible to arrange not only that a man during service should get some technical training, but, what is even more important, that he should easily find his place in organized labour. If organized labour can be taught to realize that the man who takes service in the regular army or the territorials is doing of free will a job which every man in other countries is obliged to do, and that if volunteers are not forthcoming in England also, every man will be obliged to do that job, then the soldier may have the way made easy for him in returning to civil life. And organized labour is so much more powerful politically than organized capital that employers, even if reluctant, will have to follow the Trade Unions' lead in this matter.

The trouble is complex and goes deep. England has not the feeling towards its professional soldiers which existed towards all soldiers in time of war. History has never constrained the people of these islands to regard the duty of preparing for national defence as a universal obligation. Considered as a trade, the soldier's trade is disapproved, partly because it is not a paying one, but more, I think, because the average man dislikes the idea of submission to complete discipline—which in British countries is only accepted exceptionally. Over and above all this, since 1918 there has been a widespread revulsion against the brutality of war, and a widespread feeling that the infantry in particular were wastefully and stupidly used. Mr. Lloyd George, in endeavouring to make sure that there shall never again be such attempts at battering through, has done much to make recruiting difficult. There was waste in all armies, perhaps

more in the British than in the French or German because the men were less trained, and the case needed to be stated, and stated forcibly. It is a pity that the statement has been spoilt by attribution of mean motives. If Haig was ruthless in his will to victory, that was no more due to vanity in him than it was in Mr. Lloyd George. But as a result of all that has come and gone, no young man is ashamed to say, I would never serve as a soldier. It is not recognized, as it should be recognized by all, that there must be an army, and an adequate army.

The employment of the army is for the government of the day to control, and like all other government functions this is a matter for party criticism. But the provision of an army is a subject which can and should be lifted out of party politics; and I see no way to this except by the creation of a permanent civilian Board representing all classes in the nation. It is a danger to the nation that in such a matter organized labour can be, as at present, only represented in the Opposition to Government.

Spain in the Light of History

Madrid's fate is being decided, but cannot decide the destiny of Spain. Many in these countries think that all will be well if the Right succeeds. But a quiet Englishman of high reputation just back from living in Spain put a very different view when I asked him: "Is there any chance that Franco's people will not win?" "There would be, if there was a God," he said; and the violence of that expression gave me pause. Bad is the best that can be expected. Spain kept out of the European war, but could not stand clear of the organized ideas and emotions which that war generated throughout Europe. Yet Holland, Switzerland, all Scandinavia, were neutral states no less exposed to these influences, and their order has remained stable. One cannot but feel that Spain needed reconstruction.

It will get it: whether for better or no. The eleventh volume of the *Cambridge Ancient History* just published throws odd lights on the problem. Always, it seems, even before the beginning of the Roman Empire, Spain was a country of miners—strong industrial groups, hardiest and not the most tractable of mankind. Always, too, even though Roman rule gave it unity, "it was a country divided into regions varying in climate and products,

very much shut off from one another—a series of compartments each living its own life, and each at a different stage of civilization." Looking at it from outside, one is disposed to think that the way of wisdom would be to allow much local autonomy, such as the Basques have recently received in stress of civil war. What stands against this is the prestige of national unity—such as dominates the mind of Ireland, and dominated a great part of Great Britain while the legislative union lasted. Differences almost as great existed in France before the Revolution and were then ironed out; but in that case revolution had full play, and its work was completed and systematized by the ablest of all military dictators. Spain's revolution has been too promptly checked by counter-revolution, and we cannot suppose that General Franco is Napoleon. If the Bourbons had come at once instead of after twenty years of Napoleon's empire, France today would be—heaven knows what.

Yet the chapter in this volume's new instalment of closely packed knowledge from Cambridge which is devoted to Gaul in days of the "Imperial Peace" shows already many features of the social organization that modern France preserves. France is still a country "where the relations between country and town are not so much an affair of dependence and supremacy as of a combination between the two on equal terms." Then as now, the region of the olive was limited to the Mediterranean province, where Greek influence as well as Latin was felt; though the vine, then as now, spread far into regions where butter takes the place of oil. Race remained Celtic, but speech was largely Latinized. In fact, the whole country was by the second century an organic part of the Roman world, and the base for spreading Roman rule, commerce, and culture into the German lands where institutions were as yet not at all so stable. Indeed, what the book has to tell us about Germany is mostly a catalogue of names and facts; anything that gives a substantial picture comes from Tacitus. "To warn and enlighten his fellow countrymen, and to some extent also for the purpose of their self examination, he published in A.D. 98 . . . his book about the vigorous, brave, and moral but rapacious and bellicose people who inhabited the wide countries of free Germanica." Here also there surely is continuity.

French 19th Century Painters

It is not too late for expression of gratitude to the Anglo-French Art and Travel Society, who organized the exhibition of Nineteenth Century French Painting at the Burlington Gallery, which was so manageable in size. Only seventeen painters were represented and only 123 canvases shown. Several artists were not seen at all at their best ; Ingres may have been at his most characteristic, but certainly was at his most academic, in the examples of him ; there was no first-rate Monet, and this painter, who specially needs to be seen far off, was chiefly shown in a tiny corridor. On the other hand, there was a great deal of Corot in all his moods and manners, and of Renoir, whom Mr. Clive Bell (in a Foreword to the catalogue) inclines to think " the loveliest " of them all. Well, I would give all the Renoirs that ever were for Manet's picture of the small boy with a basket exchanging language of the eye with a most endearing dog ; or for his picture of Berthé Morisot in fur with a muff—the perfect expression of a Frenchwoman's elegance and intellectual charm. Face and figure alike suggested swift appreciation of either wit or beauty. His great picture of the bull-fight, too, was a new revelation of this painter's genius. Delacroix's group of stallions rearing as they came out of their bath in the tide made me begin to understand why the painter was so admired by the Romantics—and why Ingres did his best to keep him out of recognition. There was a great deal of Cézanne, of Gauguin, and of Van Gogh, the three who seem to dominate the mind of modern artists ; and certainly Van Gogh's " Arlésienne " is vivid enough in its presentment of a personality. Heaven help the one who had to oppose that lady, or to bargain with her ! There is a picture, also by him, of the public garden at Arles with a couple of figures walking under the shade of a big palm : you can almost hear the metallic rattle of its leaves. I do not know whether this is proper praise nowadays to give a painter : Mr. Clive Bell says, " Daumier was not a painter," yet there in his study of two chess players was the very image of concentration—wrought into a double pattern of balanced forms and light and shade. Possibly he means that Daumier could have got the thing in black and white, which is conceivable ; it is not conceivable about Van Gogh's " Arlésienne," with her glossy black hair and vivid points of red.

But the picture which threw most light on the development of painting was Courbet's big landscape, " Le Ruisseau dans la Forêt." It seems to me drawn with an academic thoroughness that Ingres could not have surpassed, and yet rendered nature with an unconventional representation of colour which broke clean away from all eighteenth century tradition of " brown shades." The reflections in Cézanne's " Le Lac Bleu " are not more fully studied. Monet, coming later, saw half tones which Courbet did not distinguish, and subtilized the painting of light ; but this thing is a work of a man who set down with extraordinary fidelity of observation and skill of craftsmanship what was before him in the open air. Another canvas of his interested me for very different reasons : it represents a trout, and few anglers at a first glance would recognize it for one. But if they look again, they will see that it is a big bottom-feeding fish, whose gross habits have deprived it of all a trout's elegance until at last it was betrayed into gorging a worm ; the line is shown leading right down into its gullet ; and the heavy fish is seen as it was finally lugged out, beaten and exhausted. The odds are that Courbet either caught or assisted at the capture of this veteran among trout.

Mr. Clive Bell rightly asks us to observe how far from exhaustive is this representation of French art during the last century ; and he strings out a list of over a score of painters whose work is absent. Even in that list Daubigny and Diaz, Harpignies and Besnard, are omitted or forgotten. Yet no doubt the actual chiefs were there to be seen and the Impressionists at least had their full right.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE DEMOCRATIC OUTLOOK

By Lord Lothian

'HE FAITH OF AN ENGLISHMAN, by Sir Edward Grigg. *Macmillans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

N the present confusion of policy both n the domestic and the international ront, any clear statement of political aith is of value. Sir Edward Grigg as had a lifetime of experience of olitics and business throughout the ritish Empire and the Continent of urope as well as at home. He was Ir. Lloyd George's Secretary for a time fter the War. Though now a member f the Conservative Party, he has a een and sympathetic understanding oth of the Liberal and Labour point of iew. His book, therefore, is in no ense a restatement of the traditional ory creed. It is a sincere attempt to efine a true basis for a British national olicy, though admittedly one which is eant to appeal to his own Party rather an to the theorists of the Left.

He begins by traversing briefly the ndamental course of events in Europe om the date when the rejection of the eague of Nations by the United States unched Europe on a career quite fferent from that contemplated by the amers of the Paris Settlement. He es that, so far as Europe was concerned, e Locarno period was the only real tempt to apply to Europe the principles the Covenant of the League of Nations; ough he does not seem to see that it uld only have been a beginning be- use it was based on the maintenance of the fundamental discriminations against Germany implied in unilateral disarmament and the demilitarization of the Rhineland. He has some exceptionally interesting pages to show how the Covenant of the League of Nations became the easy faith of Great Britain and how it helped to bring into being the new concept of the British Commonwealth embodied in the Imperial Conference Report of 1926 and the Statute of Westminster of 1930. But perhaps the most valuable part of his book is the analysis of the way in which, long after League principles had lost their validity in other parts of the world and the League had become a system for maintaining the repression of Germany in the hope of giving security to its members through the military ascendancy of France, Great Britain and the British Empire clung to the original theory of the League of Nations. That is why they never understood why France resisted disarmament unless Great Britain armed, and lacked understanding of the significance of the failure in Manchuria, and why the League itself was impotent to stop economic nationalism—the greatest single cause of poverty and social unrest in the post-War world. Hence the enthusiasm with which they backed collective action against Italy over Abyssinia, without realising that it would be ineffective unless they were prepared for war and the extent of the subsequent disillusionment as they came to realize

that in a world of sovereign states dissatisfied with the *status quo* which it could not alter, the Covenant, so far from being the means for the preservation of peace, had become an instrument for waging war.

The book then proceeds to consider the contemporary world. It contains an interesting judgment of the strength and weakness both of Communism and Fascism and proclaims its fidelity to the free institutions which underlie the Constitution of Great Britain and of the British Commonwealth as the only sure foundation for human progress. He is convinced that these cannot be preserved if we cling to the League policy of entanglement in the affairs of a Europe maddened by nationalism, Communism and Fascism, but only through adequate re-armament and a foreign policy related to our real strength in the world. But what perhaps interests Sir Edward Grigg most is the discovery of the driving forces which will convert the confusion, the divisions, and the uncertainties of contemporary opinion in Britain into a unity of faith and conviction comparable to that which now animates the great dictatorships of the Right and of the Left. He sees that it can only be reached through leadership amid the free play of democratic institutions. He sees the basis of the new leadership in the ancient instinct of patriotism—a patriotism not narrow in the old insular sense but reflecting the zeal to perpetuate and defend British Institutions and free institutions generally throughout the length and breadth of the British Commonwealth without attempting to impose them by force on nations which do not desire them. He has some shrewd observations on the duty of the modern British patriot, towards defence and armaments, towards the Empire and towards the great countries of the contemporary world. He recognises that true patriotism must have a progressive internal policy no less than an external policy—a policy which must include a considerable dose of what used to be called Socialism and deals with such matters as nutrition and physical training and the union of the classes through some system of universal compulsory labour service. He regards the public school spirit as containing in itself an essential core of truth but as requiring far-reaching adaptation if it is to continue to lead in the conditions of the post-War world.

Altogether Sir Edward has rendered a notable service in clearing his own ideas and helping others to clear theirs. The book is perhaps somewhat long, but it is full of brilliant writing and of sage reflections on men and things. It will make for healthy thinking and resolute action at a very dangerous moment in our national affairs. Let us hope it will have a wide circle of readers.

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A SOUL'S TRAGEDY

By H. W. Nevinson

THE KAISER AND ENGLISH RELATIONS, by E. F. Benson. *Longmans Green.* 16*s.*

To those who are old enough to have followed the history of Europe during the last fifty years this is a work of absorbing interest; for it treats of all the great events of the age up to the end of the Great War. It is a tragic story—the tragedy of a vital and energetic soul, fatally influenced by a tragedy of the body. Our Princess Royal, Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, was married when she was only just over seventeen to Frederick William of Prussia, a courageous, estimable, and liberal-minded man, but during the cruelly hard delivery of their first baby its left shoulder was wrenched from its socket, leaving the whole of the arm almost helpless for life. It is hardly too much to say that the careless disablement of the child in the hope of saving the mother's life led to repeated danger in Europe and ultimately to the death of ten million young men in war. As the child grew up, that semi-paralysed arm induced a miserable sense of inferiority. Endowed with an unusually active and versatile brain, and a body otherwise strong and energetic, he felt that he was not equal to the others whom he saw around him, and the knowledge drove him to violent self-assertion and conceit, while at the same time he remained timid, suspicious and distrustful. Boastful to excess, and glorying in his high position he was always haunted by fears, and sought to maintain his sense of power by cunning intrigues and shifty deceptions.

One lamentable effect of his misfortune at birth was his contempt for his father and his dislike of his mother—a dislike which she seemed to return. He justly regarded them both as liberal reformers, opposed to the autocracy which was his own ideal. "There is only one law, and that is my will. I am the instrument of the Most High," he announced soon after his accession. Bismarck, who was recalled from Paris in the first year of William I's reign, and directed the fortunes of Germany and indeed of Europe, for nearly thirty years, agreed with the youth in his indifference to his parents. "If I had been Chancellor then," he used to say, "I should never have admitted *die Englische Krankeit* [German for the rickets] into the royal family," and after the brief reign of Frederick William and his torturing death from a cancerous growth in the throat, the life of the widowed Empress was indeed deplorable. Her one consolation lay in pouring out to her mother, Queen Victoria, the records of her son's errors, insolence, and neglect. The whole aim and purpose of her life had perished. As Mr. Benson says, with sympathetic insight:—

> It was impossible for an active-minded and restless woman, only just fifty years old, to obliterate the political interests which had engrossed her so long, or patiently to see her son, whose ideas and ideals were so utterly opposed to hers, in possession of all that, but for her husband's premature death, she would have shared with him.

Only two years after his accession the Kaiser dismissed Bismarck. He

" dropped the pilot," and felt himself master of his Empire, or of the world. He had some notion of carrying on Bismarck's open policy, but his only idea of diplomacy was filling suspected opponents with suspicions of each other. Secretly to abuse England and France to the Tsar, and at the same time to abuse Russia to the other two, was his method of preventing that " encirclement " which always filled his timid nature with apprehensions, while on every occasion he was displaying his overwhelming army and, latterly, his powerful fleet. For his grandmother Queen Victoria he certainly felt deep respect and admiration, in spite of her frequent reproaches and admonitions about his reckless behaviour, as in the case of the Kruger telegram. Nothing delighted him more than her presents of Highland kilts or the " Nelson uniform," and he always welcomed an invitation to Osborne, even when he was not welcome. His uncle, as Prince of Wales and Edward VII, he cordially detested, and the feeling was heartily reciprocated, especially when he sent reproving letters about his uncle's indiscretions, as after the Tranby Croft gambling affair.

Towards England as a whole his sentiments were interestingly mixed. He loved and hated her. " *Odi et amo,*" said Catullus of his mistress, and the paradox fits the Kaiser's feelings well. He envied the English adventurous spirit, and especially our seamanship, for he always longed to be a fine sailor. He even designed a superbattleship, and submitted the plans to Admiral Brin, the Italian Minister of Marine, who courteously replied with the highest commendation of the vessel's design as the mightiest, most terrible, and also the loveliest battleship ever seen, but added, " This wonderful vessel has only one fault: if she were put on the water she would sink like a lump of lead." That may sound discouraging, but the Kaiser was never discouraged about his own genius. He lectured his Naval and Military Staffs upon the science of war; he sent strategical advices to his uncle Edward about the Boer War, and a similar document to the Tsar when the Russian fleet was sunk in the war with Japan. In an evil hour, during the Boxer Rising, he addressed his detachment of troops from a high scaffolding at Bremenhaven thus:

> There will be no quarter; no prisoners will be taken. As a thousand years ago the Huns under King Attila gained for themselves a name which still stands for a terror in tradition and story, so may the name of Germany be impressed by you for a thousand years on China.

He designed allegorical pictures of the defeat of the " Yellow Peril." He composed music. He cultivated cattle-breeding. He set up a porcelain factory that collapsed. He excavated antiques at Corfu. He was a successful commercial traveller for his country. He denounced the Jews. On one occasion he showed great courage for, when the doctors detected a growth in his throat that threatened him with his father's fate, he seemed to pay no attention to it, but continued his course of life and work as usual. If only he had displayed equal courage at the end of the fatal war; if only he had stood in his " shining armour " on the top of a trench while his army was melting away, and cried, " Here I stand, the glorious victim of destiny and the foul conspiracy of my foes," he would have saved his reputation and his dynasty. But just after he had fled, I saw a lifesize caricature of him hanging from a tree at his headquarters in Spa. As Mr. Benson says, he had always caricatured himself, and this was the end.

This fascinating book will not be popular in Doorn.

CONFLICT IN THE FAR EAST

By E. M. Gull

THE FAR EAST IN FERMENT, by Guenther Stein. *Methuen*. 10*s*. 6*d*.
THE FAR EAST COMES NEARER, by Hessell Tiltman. *Jarrolds*. 12*s*. 6*d*.
MILITARISM AND FOREIGN POLICY IN JAPAN, by E. E. N. Causton. *Allen & Unwin*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

It is anticipated that shortly before the publication of this issue the Japanese Premier, Mr. Hirota, will have made a public statement defining his Government's attitude towards Constitutional Reform. The anticipation expressed by Reuter's Tokyo correspondent on November 7, rests upon facts which constitute the chief elements in Far Eastern questions, the dominant question being, as in Europe, whether there is to be peace or war.

That so vital a matter should be directly connected with Constitutional Reform must to English readers seem astonishing. In England it is almost impossible to think of such reform in military terms. That was not the case at one period of our history, but Cromwell's regime was so specially conditioned, and is so remote from our modern conceptions, that to recall it helps us little in making the mental adjustment which Japanese circumstances require. The term "dictatorship," with which events in Europe have made us so familiar, helps a good deal, and is the one we should employ in relation to an increase of military authority at the expense of Parliament. Yet though that is the process which Constitutional Reform in Japan involves, it is not there thought of in terms of dictatorship, but of a restoration to the Emperor of powers deemed constitutionally to belong to him and latterly to have been infringed upon by Ministers and Parties. This, it is thought, has been dangerous both to the internal and external welfare of Japan, more particularly the latter, which is conceived of negatively in terms of grave risks and positively in those of brilliant opportunities. Amongst the risks are Soviet Russia and Communism, amongst the opportunities North China; the measures required, in the Army's view, to protect Japan against the former being also necessary to seize the chances presented by the latter. On the other hand, as Russia disclaims any ambitions threatening to Japan, but has a long frontier conterminous with the Japanese Army's recent creation, Manchoukuo, she feels obliged to arm in self-defence, and as China thinks of herself and her future as something bigger and better than Japan's opportunity she is doing the same, simultaneously trying to organize and re-organize in many other ways.

Such in brief is the subject matter of these books. The circumstances just described are in themselves sufficient to explain the title of Mr. Stein's survey, which, like his previous volume, *Made in Japan*, is characterized by admirable lucidity. Indeed, here and there, there is a tendency to over simplification, as on an early page when, in introducing the main elements of Far Eastern ferment, he describes Chiang Kai-shek's modern army as gradually crystallizing "in the crowded plains of Central China out of eternal chaos and internecine strife"—though in fact the term chaotic is inapplicable to many centuries of Chinese history; and later in the book when, in describing the difficulties of the Japanese script, those of romanization are left un-

explained. Such faults, however, are small in relation to the success with which, in a short book intended for the general reader, he deals with his subject as a whole.

We are given a clear-cut picture of the ways in which Westernization has worked out in Japan both politically and economically. As regards the latter, we are shown the " pyramid of wealth," represented at its apex by some twenty families paying income tax on incomes higher than a million yen (about £60,000); a small middle class, about 370,000 families, with incomes of from £300 to £600 a year (equivalent in purchasing power, like the bigger sum just quoted, to twice that amount) and some 12,000,000 households (out of a total of 12,800,000) whose average income (allowing about five persons per household) is £33 a year, free of income tax, but not from much heavier indirect taxes.

> There is no way [says Mr. Stein] of looking behind the veil of this average and finding out about the numbers and categories of families down the different grades of the scale, in the main an agricultural one, many of which descend to the depths of sheer misery. (Other recently published figures are more detailed than Mr. Stein's).

We are also shown the immense pressure upon industrial employment which these circumstances, combined with an increasing population, exert: the constantly increasing effort of industry to meet the pressure and the intensifying quest both for markets and raw materials which the effort involves.

Partly because the Army is mainly recruited from the " Have-Not " classes, partly because the quest for, and creation of, markets on the Asiatic mainland have become inextricably associated through Manchuria with strategic considerations, the Army is directly interested in economic conditions and therefore in government and policy, all of which, it thinks, have suffered from a degree of Westernization harmful to the national polity. Thus, side by side with conditions productive of economic ferment, have been created agitating problems of moral and political reconstruction.

> Not only [says Mr. Stein] is loyalty to the Emperor to be fostered—undiminished though it is—but all those interpretations of the country's constitution on Western lines which seem to take away from the absolute character of the monarchy are to be uprooted and a new and vigorous enthusiasm created—

an enthusiasm which, in the Army's view, justifies heavier and heavier expenditure on military preparedness, methods and schemes reaching beyond Manchuria (which " is too small to make good Japan's deficiencies in raw materials ") into Mongolia and China and therefore threatening conflict both with the latter and Russia.

In *The Far East Comes Nearer*, Mr. Tiltman surveys very much the same ground, going, however, further afield than Mr. Stein in respect of American and British interests and policy in the Far East. Moreover, he links up the situation there with the situation in Europe, showing the interdependence of the two, whence his title. Taken as a whole, his book, which is admirably illustrated, is a useful addition to accounts of recent events, of some of which, notably the attempted *coup d'état* in Tokyo last February, he was an eye witness. It has, however, serious inaccuracies. The demilitarized zone in North China, for instance, is defined as " comprising about a quarter of the province of Hopei lying northward of the Great Wall "—which is very much like saying that Yorkshire lies north of the Tweed. Again, on pages 230 and 242, in connection with smuggling, the reader is told that the tariff applicable in the territory controlled by General Sung is one-eighth of the official Customs Tariff, and on page 234, that the

revenues of the six northern ports were withheld entirely from the Central Government, thereby creating a situation in which even the service of British loans secured on Customs revenue was imperilled." Neither of these statements is correct, though as a consequence of continued Japanese pressure they may become so. Nor is it as yet true to describe North China as having "gone West." Nanking, as shown by Sung's abandonment of the proposal to reduce the tariff to the figure quoted by Mr. Tiltman, still exercises a considerable degree of control. The statement that "the state of the Chinese millions could not be more wretched under Japanese-inspired rule and would probably be better" (page 297) ignores several elements in the situation, not the least important of which is Chinese hatred of the Japanese.

In *Militarism and Foreign Policy in Japan*, Mr. Causton gives us a refreshingly scholarly and careful survey of the position of the Army in relation to the State. This book is in one respect the most useful of the three, in that it reveals what may be described as the organic nature of militarism in Japan. It does this by sketching the historical background of military authority and prestige, describing the defects of Japanese democracy and the position of the military under the Constitution, and thereafter tracing the influence of the military upon events from the Restoration down to the re-organization of administration in Manchuria in 1934. The author's treatment of his theme is throughout objective and detached, and though here and there he relies upon authorities which some may feel disposed to question, he never fails to give chapter and verse. The result is a documented study of permanent value, all the more welcome because it helps us to judge to what extent Japan's foreign policy is likely to retain its present military characteristics.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by G. K. Chesterton. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

No man can have the last word about his own life and character; but his best possible protection against future misprision and misrepresentation is to leave behind him an honest, a really honest autobiography; and G. K. Chesterton in his untimely death was at least fortunate in that he had found time to complete an autobiography impeccably honest, characteristic and revealing. If ever the book was the man, this book is entirely and exhaustively the elusive, provocative and fascinating, reconciliation of irreconcileables that was known to the world as "G. K. C." So far as a man can know himself, he knew and enjoyed his multiple personality; he saw his life as a consistent, reasonable evolution in a universally evolutionary age; he saw his friends, like the cardboard figures in a toy theatre, grouping themselves round him in appreciation of his own self-consciousness; he saw his education, his fancies, his arguments, and his battles on behalf of liberty, struggling towards their final realization in his apparently irrational submission to the superstitions, the sophistries, and the dogmatic authority of a Papist's faith. If it is objected that such self-concentration is bound to narrow itself down to a hide-bound egotism, the proof to the contrary lies in the autobiography itself. Never was there a life-story richer in altruistic impulse, in the joys of friendship, in the recognition of social obligations, in broad, humane interest in the lives and sufferings of other people. But at the core of every honest autobiography must lie hidden the inevitable knowledge that what matters most to every man is his capacity for fostering his own character, for realising his own possibility, for turning his talent into ten, and rendering it again to the Giver with interest. It will be the task of others to judge how far Gilbert Chesterton succeeded in completing the pattern of the life which he believed to be his destiny; in the meanwhile he has traced with a wonderfully intimate and penetrating judgment the impulses which moved him, and the uses to which he turned them. Loving from childhood "the boundary line that brings one thing sharply against another," he looks back upon the drama of life through the framework of a proscenium, and the proscenium, of course, is his own temperament. "I will maintain," he says, "that the largest wilderness looks larger seen through a window," but his wilderness is full of life; a cavalcade of travelling figures, a pilgrimage of doubt and hope crosses it from verge to verge. For the psychologist the *Autobiography* offers the study of an enthralling personality; for the historian it abounds in portraiture, keen, interpretative and memorable. There is something for everyone in its pages; and every reader will esteem it from a different standpoint.

Honesty, first and last, is its distinctive virtue; and, after honesty, humour. If G. K. C. believed in "taking things with gratitude, and not for granted," he believed even more in taking them with a sense of humour, even the things that the average Englishman is wont to invest with a rather pompous air of solemnity. He can laugh consumedly at himself, but he can also laugh at the things and the people that he loved better than himself. He can even play with the ideas for which he would fight to the last ditch. There are innumerable stories in the book illustrating the humours of the Victorian, Edwardian and Georgian scenes; and it is not difficult to imagine the sudden explosion of laughter with which their narrator would have greeted the uncertain smiles of his audience. The solid Kensington family circle, the cluster of Common Room at St. Paul's School, the bustling competition of Fleet Street, the subterranean intrigue of party politics,

the corruption of the money-market, the horror and the tragedy of war, he faces them all with an indomitable capacity for winnowing the grain from the husks; even in the fell clutch of the Dark Angel, he will not let it go until it bless him. He begins his story with a laugh; but ends it with a sermon. Taking things with gratitude and not for granted, he "preserved out of childhood a certain romance of receptiveness which was not killed by sin or even by sorrow;" he was thankful for the gift of life, and sworn to the service of justice; he believed, above all things, in man's inalienable right to that true liberty whose truest name is Human Dignity. The first romantic figure to take captive his imagination was a stage puppet crossing a bridge, and carrying in his hand a key. With characteristic play of symbolism he transforms that figure into the patron saint of his religious faith, carrying the key which can unlock all doors.

There, as in a nutshell, you have the essential Chesterton. His imagination may be foolishness to one reader; his dogmatism a stumbling-block to another. But of his sincerity, his forcefulness, and his downright, incorruptible honesty there can be no dispute; and such qualities made a great man of him, and will hand on a great memory for the criticism of the future to confirm.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

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FROM RICHARDSON TO PINERO. SOME INNOVATORS AND IDEALISTS, by F. S. Boas. *John Murray.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

THIS book is a collection of essays and centenary addresses by Professor Boas. In the introduction Professor Boas writes: "When I began to revise them . . . I found that . . . their subjects were so far linked in that they manifested some form of innovation, independence, or idealism." The same might be said of any book consisting of essays on well-known writers, and the reader will do well to read each essay for its intrinsic interest, and not rack his mind to detect the missing link. Among the subjects with which Professor Boas deals are Richardson's Novels and their influence; Thackeray on the Eighteenth Century Humorist as Hero; William Wordsworth's Patriotic Poems and their significance to-day; Edmund Kean in his heroic parts; Elizabeth Barrett Browning; A. H. Hallam and "In Memoriam"; Tennyson and the Arthurian Legend; and Matthew Arnold in his lyric verse. Prof. Boas is a benignant critic with a lucid and agreeable style. He conveys information without being tedious, and that is the chief merit of his work. His insight, however, is not penetrating. Speaking of Thackeray's Lectures on the English Humorists, he says that it is impossible not to be struck by the resemblance of Thackeray's "method of approach" to that of Carlyle, especially in his Heroes and Hero-Worship. Thackeray was influenced by Carlyle, and certainly approached his humorists with a resolve to beat the heroic drum. But his achievements as a hero-worshipper were forced and gimcrack, and must have confirmed Carlyle in his opinion that "Thackeray despises himself for his work." Professor Boas quotes with approval Thackeray's "I should like to have been Shakespeare's boot-black, just to have lived in his house, just to have

worshipped him, . . . and seen that sweet serene face." Apart from the fact that Shakespeare's face would soon have lost its serenity, had he been pestered by the adoration of a bootblack domiciled on the premises, Thackeray—but it is unnecessary to continue.

Professor Boas shares Wordsworth's high opinion of Wordsworth's patriotic verse. "It is sometimes forgotten," he says, "that the lyrist of the Daffodils and the Daisy . . . could turn, with equal success of poetic intuition, to the causes that make or mar the greatness of kingdoms and of peoples." The poet sees the world in a grain of sand, and Heaven in a wild flower, and when he turns from the particular to the general, from the concrete object in front of him to those jangling abstractions dignified by the titles of kingdoms and empires, he ceases to be a poet and becomes a rhetorician. Wordsworth is sublime in his invocation to the cuckoo, an empty voice when he exclaims:

> Advance, come forth from thy Tyrolean ground,
> Dear Liberty . . .

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, about whose political verse Professor Boas writes with warm sympathy, had an ardent belief in Louis Napoleon as a liberator. This fact should be impressed on every poet who feels himself called upon to vaticinate about politics. She looked to Napoleon to liberate Italy, and when his efforts in this direction ended in Nice and Savoy being filched from Italy and annexed to France, Mrs. Browning's dream of a liberated Italy was, Professor Boas wistfully remarks, "shattered."

The best essay in this volume is on Matthew Arnold's lyric poetry. In his verse Arnold expressed simply and movingly the melancholy of a nature too profound to accept the materialism of his times, but not profound enough to find a belief in his own intuitions.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

MORE POEMS, by A. E. Housman. *Cape.* 5*s.*

A. E. HOUSMAN. A SKETCH, by A. S. F. Gow. *Cambridge University Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THIS man, whose personality was so incisive and single that it is rapidly crystallizing into a legend, left a will to prevent his occasional papers and sketches from being published: so that the public is unlikely to have more from him than is contained in these two small books; the one, a handful of verses rejected by the author during his lifetime; the other a reticent sketch by an academic colleague, with a guide for those people interested enough to want to read the scholar's contributions to the learned periodicals.

But the portrait that emerges is clear enough. Housman may be likened to a quince: a hard, astringent fruit, with a concentrated flavour, somewhat restricted in appeal. In some respects, no English poet has had less to say than Housman. His verses are an outcry of pain that man is a creature "whose name is written in water." His pagan mind saw only one chance of immortality; the immortality of work left behind as a record through time. And he knew that time must always triumph.

He shrank from the bitter realization; reserving himself from love and friendship, and casing himself about with a husk of controversial ferocity so that none should penetrate his defences.

It is easy to attack such an attitude and such a restricted activity. The modern critic, sociologically and economically enraged, will point out that Housman was after all a protected darling of the gods living in a pedant's paradise; his reclusiveness a condition that is no longer possible. But the irritating thing about Housman is that he always forestalled criticism (another example of his pagan spiritual pride). His restriction, his austerity, the monotony of theme in his verse, are all self-

recognized in these words with which he declined the post of Public Orator at Cambridge. "You none of you have any notion what a slow and barren mind I have, nor what a trouble composition is to me (in prose I mean: poetry is either easy or impossible)."

Whether that barrenness was due to the rejections and disciplines of overweening pride, or to some deeper mystery of personality, one would hesitate to assert; but it is obvious that a man who refuses public honours because "you should be welcome to praise me, if you did not praise one another," demands a standard of isolated perfection which he could hardly dare to allow even himself to claim.

It is said that we become like that thing we contemplate. Housman saw the universe as a vast nettle-bed; and himself acquired the sting.

Thus protected, he found poetry "either easy or impossible," another example of the waywardness and unfairness of life. He knew, as Wordsworth did not, that a man who tries to make a career out of those rare and inexplicable moments of creative vision is doomed to exhaustion and disappointment. He turned to something concrete, that could be both attenuated and controlled; a semi-scientific activity, into which he imported the moral demands which poetry neither heeds nor requires, at least in its making. He expiated the shame of self-indulgence that lurks in the heart of every creative genius, by heaping denunciations on the heads of scholars for their little peccadilloes of pedantry. But beneath all these thunders, he knew that even criticism has its source in the same moods of irresponsible insight as go to the making of poetry.

RICHARD CHURCH.

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DESERT ENCOUNTER, by Knud Holmboe. *Harrap.* 9*s.*

WHEN a young Danish journalist, on his way south to Mecca, was murdered a few years ago by Hijazi Bedouin, little notice was taken except by the *cognoscenti*. It was thought that yet another European was attempting to penetrate in disguise to the Holy Cities of Islam, and, since this feat had already been achieved with comparative frequency, the incident passed soon forgotten. Now, however, recommended by the Book Society, and prefaced with highly laudatory words from the expert pen of Mr. J. H. Driberg, a book appears, a translation of a work that was published in Denmark five years ago, from this same young journalist. It is winning abundant plaudits. Is this praise justified?

I cannot believe it. Let it be granted at once that Mr. Holmboe had the supreme gift of physical courage. To have travelled in North Africa in 1930, when the independence of the Arabs was by no means wholly extinguished, when, indeed, the repressive measures of the present Governor of Abyssinia, General Graziani, were being enforced on the stubborn Muslims of the interior of Italian Libya, was no mean feat. This journey called for qualities not only of endurance but also of faith. But the author's faith was the Muslim faith. He had renounced the Christianity of his native land in favour of an apparently loose form of Islam—at any rate, it was a not very well-informed kind of Islam. Yet his conversion seems to have been genuine enough, and not temporarily indulged in for the purposes of journalistic "stories." There are those who will think none the less of him for such conversion, but to those who know Muslim lands, the fact of it is bound to detract from the merits of his narrative. For a Muslim, whether he come from Denmark or London or China or even from the New World, is, to another Muslin, a brother, one to whom hospitality and asylum must be offered, and, if he know more of Islamic precept and saying, deference also. Mr. Holmboe knew by heart many *suras* of the Koran, and carried, and could read aloud, that Holy Book. He was, *other things being equal*, in safe keeping with other Muslims, whether civilized or of the desert. Hence it was that most of his troubles—and they were numerous—derived from the Italians, who, individuals apart, saw little merit in the African exponents of Islam, and thought suspicious one who sympathized with their claims, so soon afterwards to be eradicated, to lead an independent existence.

Mr. Holmboe set out from Ceuta, in Spanish Morocco, in an antique Chevrolet, thinking to tour westwards to Egypt. For a time all went well, leaving out of consideration the physical obstacles to such a journey. But his ignorance was as astonishing as his resourcefulness. He knew nothing, for instance, of the oasis of Kufra (which the Italians have since occupied) even though in the 'seventies of last century the German explorer, Rohlfs, had made it known, and, since the War, the Egyptian explorer, Sir Ahmed Husseinein, had delved intimately into it. He had not even heard of the Senussi, that brotherhood in Africa which, under the leadership of the late Jafar Pasha, caused intense anxiety during the War to the British authorities in Egypt, and which most non-Muslim students of the East have long known as closely associated with the tenets of Arabian Wahhabism. It is amazing, indeed, that the author sees fit to give so much space to these comparatively public matters.

Yet this narrative, illustrated by faded, pathetic, but revealing photographs, was a considerable one. It is also affecting. Mr. Holmboe did not conceal his sympathies for the wretched Muslims who in his time were bowing,

nd later had completely to bow, to the eroplane, the armoured car, and the nachine gun of the Italians; but he lid not let those sympathies run away vith his pen. He was too honest a ournalist not to chronicle his encounters vith Italian officers who believed that n a policy of moderation, of compassion vith and understanding of, the untutored r recalcitrant hinterland of the Senussi ay the best chance of founding on firm round a Fascist Empire in North Africa. By the side of sickening accounts of Bedouin executed by the Italians, of nerciless deeds that drove inoffensive nen to the hills to resist as well as they ould the conquering Rumi, it is good o read of more enlightened Italians who elt that in acts rather of assistance to he poverty-stricken tribesmen than of outraging their most cherished sentiments lay the prospect of a mightier Rome in North Africa. Mr. Holmboe's frankness did him infinite credit. He could not examine evidence, which inevitably was magnified in the Islamic world, and, equally inevitably, minimised in Italy: he simply set down what he saw and heard.

It is a tale gruesome enough. And after his departure from that region—by land he got only to Benghazi, where the Italians threw him, a prisoner, into a foul ship—those gruesome tales have increased, culminating with the execution of the unseen "hero" of the book, Ahmar Muktar, whose eventual fate rent the hearts of crowds in mosques from Fez to Baghdad.

KENNETH WILLIAMS.

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NELSON

GLADSTONE TO HIS WIFE. Edited by A. Tilney-Bassett. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

QUEEN VICTORIA'S dislike of Mr. Gladstone was not dependent upon his Liberalism. She wrote to Lord Rosebery, when he became Prime Minister, that she did not "object to liberal measures" which were "not revolutionary." Her consistent frustration of Mr. Gladstone's policy must have gone deeper than politics for her to say to one of her ladies, when he died, "How can I say that I am sorry when I am not?"

No other scene in the long relationship between the patriarch of Liberalism, his wife and their sovereign was as pathetic and revealing as that of the last day when Mr. Gladstone went down to Windsor with his resignation. This was in March of 1894. There was no relenting and little tenderness. "He is growing blind and is already deaf," she had written, "so that his decision is not to be wondered at." Mrs. Gladstone had travelled down to Windsor earlier in the day to beg the Queen, through tears, to believe that "whatever his errors might have been," her husband's "devotion" to the Queen and to the Crown "were very great." The Queen wrote in her Journal afterwards, "I am convinced it is the case, though at times his actions might have made it difficult to believe."

When Mr. Gladstone arrived, after his wife had pleaded for him, the Queen still withheld the gentleness with which she might have eased his resignation. She went to her desk when he had gone and, without consulting Minister or friend, she wrote to Lord Rosebery, "urging him to accept the Premiership if even only for a short time, for the good of the country."

Any book which helps us to understand the relationship between the sovereign, her Liberal Prime Minister and his wife is important to us, and we turn to Mr. Tilney Bassett's *Gladstone to his Wife* with lively interest. Gladstone is not an attractive figure to the twentieth century. He seems priggish and pompous, and we understand the alarm of the Queen's Ladies when he embarrassed them by mumbling grace as they sat down to luncheon. But we know also, from older people, that he was a fascinating talker; we know also that he and his wife were drawn together by forces of character and good nature which Gladstone did not always use in his public life. The book of letters seems to tell us that this noble story of domestic confidence depended upon Mrs. Gladstone's saintliness; her willingness to give her husband the sustenance which great leaders seldom seem to find. One searches into these letters willing to discover a more gentle, less censorious, less austere Gladstone. The correspondence stretches over seventy-three years, from when Gladstone was at Eton, in 1821 he wrote to his father: "I have not been flogged, or even had my first fault." Seven months afterwards he got his Remove. His success, he wrote, "far exceeded the most sanguine expectations" which he "ever entertained." The virtuous and gifted boy became the fighting politician. He wrote to his father, from the Clinton Arms, in December of 1832: "At night I spoke briefly from the Inn window—it was dark, and a few fellows yelled . . . one . . . flung a stone at me, which came within twelve inches of my head. . . ."

We move into the interesting correspondence in the early 'forties when Gladstone was able to pour out his confession, in perfect safety, upon his young wife. One letter seems to say all there is to say of his attitude towards marriage. With him, it was an additional interest in his life. "The devotion of my time to public purposes will render it imperative on me to be more than heretofore a recluse in my own house," he wrote to his wife. And then: "I do

not mean as to you and the boy, nor as to Lady Glynne . . . I am anxious that *you* should not suffer loneliness because of my absorption—but absorbed I must be. . . ."

Mrs. Gladstone accepted this divided love on the strength of her own unselfishness. The closing scene between the Queen and Gladstone, in 1894, is sharply different from the first, when he dined at Buckingham Palace. Then "the whole machinery" was "perfect" and "the Queen's demeanour admirable." Then comes a phrase which is a key to all the differences that came in the future; all the antagonism and incapacity to understand and appreciate. He wrote: "One cannot but lament the absence of a Chaplain, or even grace, at Palace dinners. . . . Even in the eternal sense Majesty never can be perfect, never can put on its most august aspect, without religion." Mr. Gladstone did not believe in prayers unless he could hear them.

It is fascinating to trace the differences all the way through the book. Despite the title, it is the relationship with the Queen which is tantalising as it unfolds itself. How little Queen Victoria, extravagant and self-indulgent over expenditure, would understand a man who went to "a great rifle man" and who was "almost tempted to order one," but who resisted temptation and got away "satisfied" because he had not been guilty of an "unwarrantable piece of selfishness." In July of 1856, he went to Buckingham Palace for a party, but he was distressed because every time he tried to bow to the Queen, "she would always go the wrong way." In 1862, when Mr. Gladstone had his first interview with the Queen, after the death of the Prince Consort, there was an attempt at gentleness. He was bewildered when he saw her, but "all that vanished" when she held his hand for a moment and said: "The nation has been good to me in my sorrow," and then: "I earnestly pray it may be long before you are parted from one another."

But they had to meet as sovereign and Prime Minister in so many conflicts in the years that followed, that these secrets of understanding lost their strength. The story moves on to the "formal and menacing" audience of 1893. It was then that he wrote: "a painful sense of unreality pervades these conversations."

In the background is the figure of Mrs. Gladstone. She emerges slowly as one pursues the confidences in her husband's letters. At the end, one feels that one has come very close to an autocratic sovereign, a fiercely conscientious statesman and a saintly woman. The impression is greatly helped by the skilful and sensitive work of the editor.

HECTOR BOLITHO.

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ANTIGUA PENNY PUCE, by Robert Graves. *Seizin-Constable.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

EGGS AND BAKER, by John Masefield. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

High spirits have changed, during my life-time, from being, like measles, one of the things the young are expected to have, into a matter for anxiety, growing more serious every year. It is now hoped that the sufferer will recover, with time, whereas it used to be taken for granted. So that to charge any considerable, under-forty-ish writer like Mr. Robert Graves with high spirits, on the strength of *Antigua Penny Puce*, is to give an impression that something pretty dangerous has attacked the hand that wrote *Goodbye to All That* and the two fine Claudius books. Yet what can be said of this unexpected novel but that its main effect is one of perfectly terrific high spirits? I am sure, though, that they are temporary.

It is a lark; and what a lark! And if like all larks, to my mind, it seems to go on too long, that is partly, no doubt, because I am not good at them, nor at high spirits, and I stiffly resent all attempts on the part of a writer to establish an unwarrantably friendly relationship with the reader. I hope, all the same, that most people will not be put off the fun of this novel by the author's assertion that "You will now be wondering why——" before he explains a particularly intricate piece of the plot, which must long before that point have stunned the reader into complete credulity or left him coldly incurious. (The story turns upon the strange fate of a valuable stamp and its possessors and "covettors.") For in that case they may not strongly object to the introduction of a minor character as one "whom we have not hitherto had occasion to notice particularly." And if they can stand that they will not be too much offended to go on, as I was very nearly, by Mr. Graves' personal interruption, half way through the book, "By this time everyone knows Oliver well enough to be able to guess with fair accuracy what he was thinking," in spite of the obstinate dimness and unreality of all the chief characters, Oliver among them. They are not human nor even animal enough to do any credible thinking. But the minor characters, almost without exception, are brilliant. And it is to the reader's advantage if he can bear with Mr. Graves' mannerisms, for how the man can write when he forgets his plot, his protagonists and particularly himself, and describes a village football match from the point of view of a wretched half-back playing in someone else's boots.

The blessed thing is that Mr. Graves' high spirits cannot be called "inexhaustible," and when they quieten, how delightful *Antigua Penny Puce* immediately becomes.

In spite of all that the title may suggest, Mr. Masefield keeps down his high spirits to the end of *Eggs and Baker*, when they burst up, under force as it were, compressed. But they only expand over five pages, and the rest of the book is a calm, beautifully written dramatization of that usually undramatic quality, sheer goodness. I enjoyed it very much, particularly the boys' long efforts to make the neighbour's bull behave conventionally in an improvised bull-fight.

The local baker writes letters to the local paper about the local slums, and the local gentry do not like it; that is all. It would be a refreshing book anyway: it is doubly so after the involutions of Mr. Graves' stamp collecting.

They are not very good letters (we have a heart-rending sample) and they do no good: the awful conditions continue, and the baker's family is ruined. He throws an egg at an unjust judge in court to protest against the sentence on a product of the slums, and so goes to prison. But what a noble, pitiful, heart-lifting egg it is.

E. Arnot Robertson.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

BALLET SHOES, by Noel Streatfield. Illustrated by Ruth Gervis. *Dent.* 6*s.*

A PONY FOR JEAN, by Joanna Cannan. Illustrated by Anne Bullen. *The Bodley Head.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

AUGUST ADVENTURE, by M. E. Atkinson. Illustrated by Harold Jones. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

TWO BOYS GO SAILING, by Conor O'Brien. *Dent.* 6*s.*

HENRY AGAINST THE GANG, by T. H. Johansen. Illustrated by T. H. Johansen. *Faber & Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

PIGEON POST, by Arthur Ransome. Illustrated. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE MUSICAL BOX, by Clare Leighton. *Gollancz.* 6*s.*

THE MODERN STRUWWELPETER, by Jan Struther and Ernest Shepard. *Methuen.* 5*s.*

It is perhaps a good augury for the recipients of the Christmas stocking or its modern equivalent that the room devoted to children's books at the recent *Sunday Times* Exhibition was one of the most crowded in the building. The quality of output now reaches such a high standard, both as regards text and format, that it is almost impossible in a short review to attempt anything but a general survey.

One thing to be noted is the prevalence of what might be called "continuation books," that is, stories in which the characters have appeared in many previous adventures and which have endeared themselves to their young readers. Babar the famous elephant, the sturdy Swallows and Amazons, and the tart but lovable Mary Poppins, with one foot in the nursery and the other describing arabesques among the stars, are all welcome figures in the year 1936.

A new book that is worth noting is *Ballet Shoes,* by Noel Streatfield. Here are related the adventures of three children who are training for a theatrical career. Their vicissitudes in a famous school of dancing and their promotion to the glories of a pantomime production have a topical interest which no doubt was not absent from the author's mind. Though Miss Streatfield evidently knows her *mise en scène,* one could wish that her illustrator had an equal knowledge of the technique of the ballet.

Another book for which there will probably be a steady demand is *A Pony for Jean,* by Joanna Cannan. The pony naturally bulks largely in the story, and the progress of Jean from an ignominious tumble on first acquaintance to a triumph in the Pony Club gymkhana should inspire many a small girl to similar exploits —at least in imagination. *August Adventure,* the story of five children in a caravan, also combines satisfying thrills with a decent regard for probability.

Older children will probably enjoy *Two Boys Go Sailing,* or, better still, *Henry Against the Gang,* a good attempt at detective fiction with the unusual setting of the Norwegian fjords. In Mr. Arthur Ransome's *Pigeon Post* the familiar Swallows and Amazons join forces once more—this time in search for gold.

Space must be found for a mention of Miss Clare Leighton's *Musical Box,* a piece of decorative art such as can only be achieved by a happy collaboration between artist and printer, a collaboration that is unfortunately lacking in the coloured reproduction of Mr. Ernest Shepard's delightful line illustrations to Miss Jan Struther's *Modern Struwwelpeter.*

E. B.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Lord Elton, who is a fairly frequent contributor to the *Fortnightly*, as little needs introduction as **André Siegfried.** It is worth recalling here that the first book that the distinguished French economist wrote over thirty years ago was on Canada. He has made the British Commonwealth a subject of life-long study, and spent six months in the Dominion this year.

Only last month the latest of many books which **J. A. Spender** has devoted to national and international affairs was reviewed in these pages. No one who was in politics during the time of the Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith governments will be unaware of the great influence he wielded as editor of the old green *Westminster Gazette*; he was indeed the mouthpiece of the Liberal Government. Then, as later, leading statesmen sought his advice, just as they have now relied on his ripe experience and sane outlook in the inquiry into the private manufacture of armaments.

The name of **Dr. Walter Starkie** will always be associated with his engaging book about the gypsies of Spain—*Raggle Taggle*. Like other writers on the Spanish tragedy in these pages, on both sides of the argument, his sympathies are hot and he makes no attempt to disguise them. Spain is also very well known to **Marguerite Steen**, one of its chief charms for her being that, in her own words, "I can indulge there most easily my favourite amusement of doing nothing."

Betty Barzin, Brussels correspondent of the *Observer*, is the English wife of the professor of logic at Brussels University. She served at the Ministry of Information during the War, and until this year was Acting Press Attaché at the British Embassy in Brussels.

Francis Watson was the author of *The Life and Times of Catherine de Medici*, published in 1934, which was a best seller in America and has been translated into several European languages. He is working on another historical biography, and a new novel of his is to appear next month.

Donald Cowie, who wrote the article "Defenceless New Zealand" in our August number, recently returned to England after seven years in that country.

Marc T. Greene has been all over the world as a special representative of the *Christian Science Monitor*. He is also a foreign correspondent of another leading American paper, the *Baltimore Sun*. Having lived in many of the South Sea groups and travelled very extensively throughout the southern hemisphere, he has had peculiar opportunities of observing the extent and methods of Japanese penetration in that area.

Alistair Cooke, who broadcasts regularly on films, did research work in dramatic criticism at Yale and for two years was American theatre correspondent of a London newspaper.

J. Hampden Jackson studied Finnish affairs on two visits to the country in 1914 and this year, and has written a couple of books on post-war politics.

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